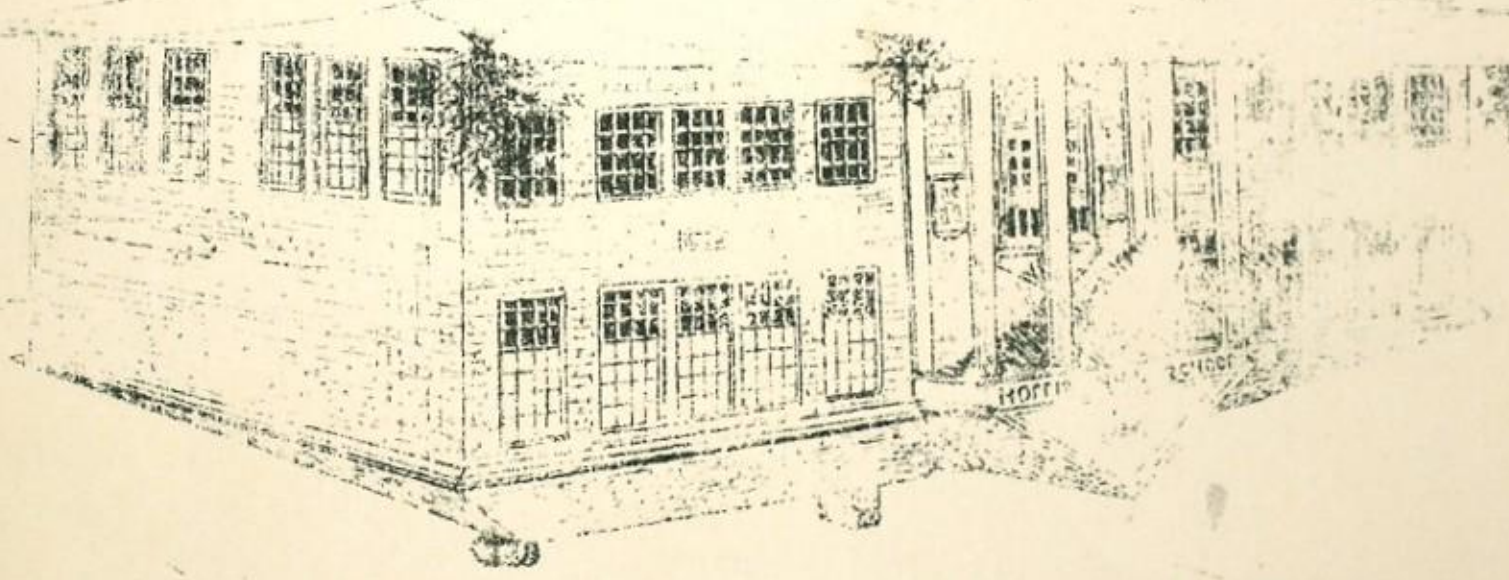
The SUNBEAM

Published by Students

of

HOLLIS HIGH SCHOOL

1956



HOLLIS HIGH SCHOOL

of

Published by authority

QUINCEAN

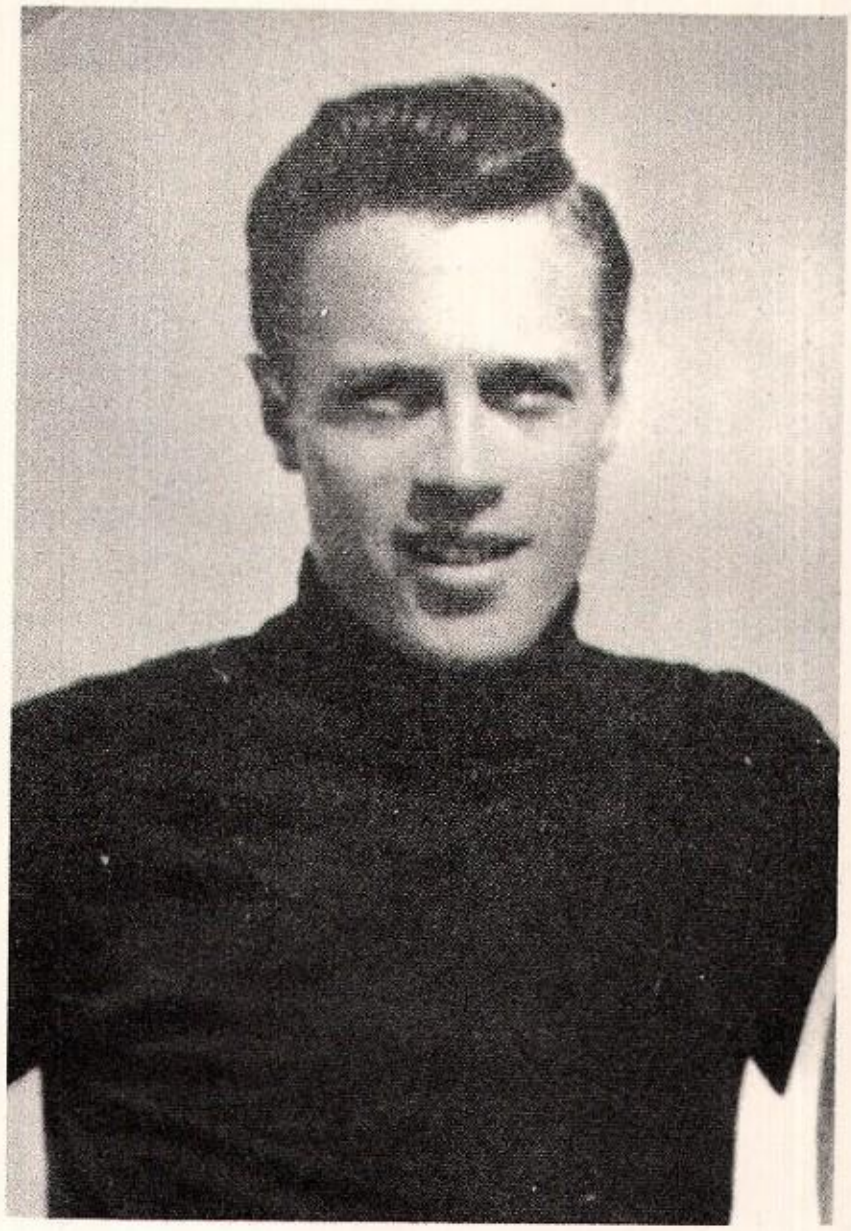
1916

THE SUNBEAM

1956

PUBLISHED BY
STUDENTS OF HOLLIS HIGH SCHOOL
HOLLIS MAINE

In Memoriam



We, the seniors of Hollis High School, respectfully dedicate The Sunbeam to the memory of 2nd Lt. Ronald Ferguson of the U. S. Air Force, who was killed on October 1, 1955, in Kansas.

'Ronnie' graduated from Hollis in 1950. In his four years here he participated in baseball, basketball, school plays, and operettas. He also contributed much of his art ability to the making of The Sunbeam.

We, as seniors, are proud to dedicate this 1956 edition of 'The Sunbeam' to Ronnie.

DIRECTORY

FACULTY

Edward F. Woodbrey, Principal, Mathematics and Science

Mildred S. Corey, Languages

Virginia L. Hodsdon, Commercial Studies

G. Stephen Johnston, Social Studies

Herman Young, Music Supervisor

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Chester Parker

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Lucian Scammon - Chairman
Beatrice DeShon--Daniel Libby

MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL AND OFFICERS

President	Charles Hill
Vice President	Arthur Hodgkins
Secretary	Verly Hill
Treasurer	Marilyn Maddox

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Verly Hill	June Smith
Arthur Hodgkins	Muriel Benson
Marilyn Maddox	Janice Pelletier
Barbara Haskell	Shirley Haskell
Charles Hill	Peter Brooks

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President	Dana Smith
Vice President	Elliott Towle
Secretary	Eleanor Hyman
Treasurer	Ruth Anderson Meserve

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. . . . . Virginia Huff

ASSISTANT EDITOR . . . . . Loretta Trynor

BUSINESS MANAGERS . . . . . Charles Hill and Mayo Berry

LITERARY EDITOR . . . . . Verly Hill

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR . . . . . Betsy Butler

ART EDITOR . . . . . Diane Drew

ASSISTANT ART EDITOR . . . . . David Quimby

JOKES . . . . . Arthur Hodgkins

CLASS EDITORS . . . . . Senior. . . . . .Diane Drew
Junior. . . . Marilyn Pelletier
Sophomore. . . Lorraine Jenness
Freshman. . . . .Sandra Plummer

ALUMNI EDITORS . . . . . Barbara Haskell and Muriel Benson

SENIOR WRITE-UPS . . . . . Marilyn Maddox

SPORTS EDITORS . . . . . William Nichols and Nancy Huwe

TYPISTS

Virginia Huff
Verly Hill
Nancy Huwe

Diane Drew
Betsy Butler
Muriel Benson

SCOPISTS

Elaine Goff
Janice Pelletier
Loretta Trynor

Shirley Haskell
Sheila Plummer
Marilyn Pelletier

Editorial Board

Front Row: Lorraine Jenness, Verly Hill, Loretta Trynor, Virginia Huff, Nancy Huwe, William Nichols, Charles Hill.
Back Row: Mrs. Hodsdon, Diane Drew, Marilyn Pelletier, Betsy Butler, Mayo Berry, David Quimby, Marilyn Maddox, Muriel Benson, Margaret Nichols, Barbara Haskell, Mrs. Corey. Absent: Arthur Hodgkins.

Typists and Scopists

Front Row: Sheila Plummer, Verly Hill, Muriel Benson, Loretta Trynor, Elaine Goff.
Back Row: Diane Drew, Shirley Haskell, Marilyn Pelletier, Betsy Butler, Nancy Huwe, Janice Pelletier, Virginia Huff.

THE SUNBEAM

STUDENT COUNCIL

At the first meeting of the Student Council on September 26, the following officers were elected:

President	Charles Hill
Vice-President	Arthur Hodgkins
Secretary	Verly Hill
Treasurer	Marilyn Maddox

The following activities were held during the year to raise money for the atheletic fund. Our first was a record hop held April 23 with Disc Jockey, Arnie Kuvant. It was a very successful hop and we made a profit of $30.

On May 4 we held a fried clam supper at the Hollis Center Grange Hall. This was not as successful as we anticipated, but we came out ahead with about $30.

This year the Student Council decided to select a student of the month to be chosen on the basis of courtesy, neatness, appearance, cooperation, and ranks. The student chosen for March was Shirley Haskell and Marilyn Pelletier for April. These two students received certificates and will have their names engraved on a plaque with "Student of the Month" written on it.

On November 18 Peter Brooks and Muriel Benson were selected to go the State Student Council convention at Waterville and at the next meeting gave a report on their trip.

The class representatives on the Student Council for this year were:

Seniors	Barbara Haskell
	Verly Hill
	Marilyn Maddox
	Arthur Hodgkins
Juniors	June Smith
	Charles Hill
	Muriel Benson
Sophomores	Janice Pelletier
	Shirley Haskell
Freshmen	Peter Brooks

Faculty

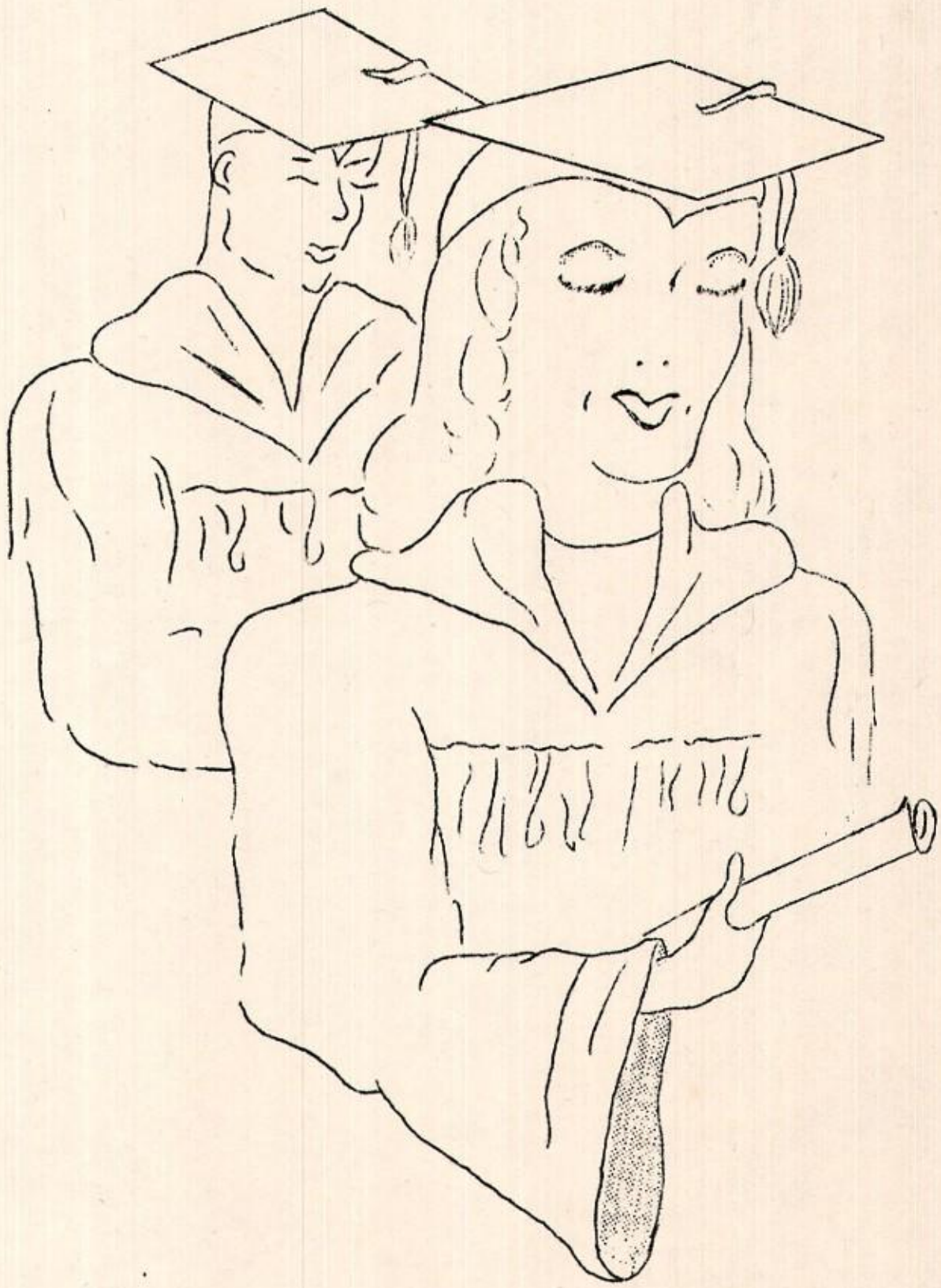
Mrs. Virginia Hodsdon, Mr. Edward Woodbrey, Mr. Stephen Johnson, Mrs. Mildred Corey.

Student Council

Advisor Mr. Woodbrey, Peter Brooks, Marilyn Maddox, Shirley Haskell, Verly Hill, Charles Hill, Muriel Benson, Janice Pelletier, Barbara Haskell, June Smith.

Absent: Arthur Hodgkins.

SENIORS



VIRGINIA HUFF
'An investment in knowledge pays
the best interests.'
Valedictory

Class Treasurer 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1; Basketball 1; Softball 1, 2, 3; Manager of Magazine Campaign 3, 4; Editorial Board 1, 2, 3, 4; School Play 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 3; Spelling 1, 2; Office girl 3, 4; Public Speaking 4.

VERLY HILL
'What'er she does is done with ease.'
Salutatory

Class Treasurer 1; Public Speaking 4; School Play 4; Clee Club 1, 2; Prize Speaking 4; School Play 4; Editorial Board 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class President 3; Librarian 3; Class Office girl 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader 1; Head Cheerleader 2; Student Council 2, 4.

DIANE DREW

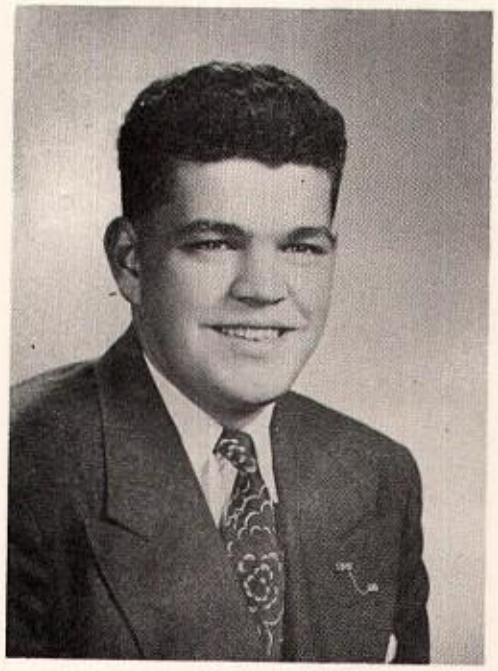
'One who has her feet firmly planted
in the clouds.'

Class Secretary 1, 3, 4; Cheerleader 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Head Cheerleader 4; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Public Speaking 4; School Play 4; Office girl 4; Assistant Attendance Secretary 3; Softball 1, 2.

BARBARA HASKELL

'A live wire from start to finish,
with wit and zeal that don't diminish.'

Basketball 1; Softball 1, 2, 3; Cheerleader 1; Student Council 4; Class President 2; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; School Play 4; Public Speaking 4; Librarian 4; Attendance Secretary 3, 4.



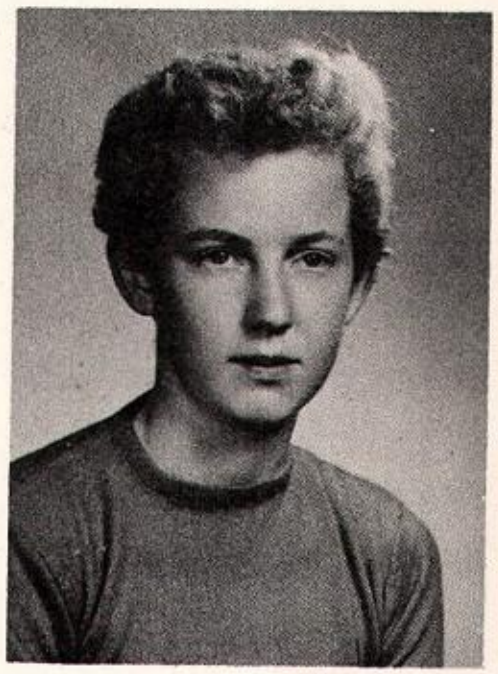
ARTHUR HODGKINS

'It seems to me he's very shy,
But I'll bet he'll get by.'

Class President 1; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Editorial Board 4; School Play 4; Public Speaking 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

NANCY HUWE
'Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.'

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3; Public Speaking 4; Class Vice President 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; School Play 4; Student Council 3; Editorial Board 2, 4.



MARILYN MADDOX
'She has a merry wit
And is not shy of using it.'

Class Vice President 3; School Play 4; Public Speaking 4; Class Secretary 2; Student Council 4; Editorial Board 2, 3, 4; Office girl 4; Librarian 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Softball 1, 2, 3.

WILLIAM NICHOLS
'He may look quiet; look again.'

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; School Play 4; Class President 4; Public Speaking 4; Glee Club 1; Editorial Board 4; Student Council 3; Librarian 3.

SENIOR STATISTICS

Name	Nickname	Pet Saying	Favorite Song	Favorite Sport	Favorite Pastime	Favorite Personality
Diane Drew	Di	Hello there!	Black Denim Trousers	Swimming	Driving	Marlon Brando
Barbara Haskell	Barbs	Hi, kid!	You Belong To Me	Bowling	Rumford	Marlon Brando
Verly Hill	Buddy	Thanks a layer, Square!	A Woman In Love	Swimming	Dancing	Marlon Brando
Arthur Hodgkins	Art	Oh, keep still!	Memories Are Made Of This	Baseball	Working on cars	Perry Como
Virginia Huff	Ginny	Hi there!'	He	Ice Skating	Reading	Tennessee Ernie Ford
Nancy Huwe	Nan	Sure you are!	Memories Are Made Of This	Basketball	Watching TV!	Perry Como
Marilyn Maddox	Mary	Sure, kid!	Teenager's Waltz	Softball	Watching TV!	Marlon Brando
William Nichols	Bill	No kidding!	Memories Are Made Of This	Baseball	Going out	Danny Kaye

THE SUNBEAM

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Hollis Gymnasium

June 15, 1956

PROCESSIONAL MARCH

Invocation . . . . . Rev. Clyde Park

Salutatory . . . . . .Verly Hill
"A Land of Remembered Vacations"

Honor Essay . . . . . Marilyn Maddox
"A Land of Industry"

Class History . . . . . Arthur Hodgkins

Class Prophecy . . . . . Diane Drew

Music - Glee Club

Class Will . . . . . Nancy Huwe

Presentation of Gifts . . . . . Barbara Haskell
William Nichols

Valedictory . . . . . Virginia Huff
"A Land of Educational Opportunities"

Music - Glee Club

Awarding of Prizes

Conferring of Diplomas . . . . . Chester Parker, Supt.

Class Ode . . . . . Senior Class

Benediction . . . . . Rev. Helen Holman

Senior Reception and Prom

AUTOGRAPHS

'Di'

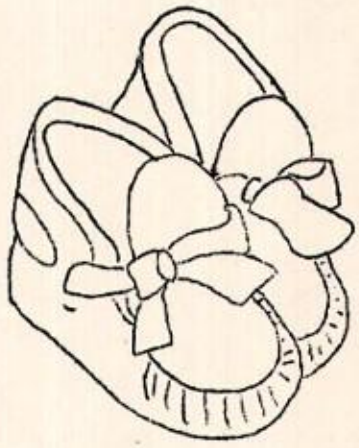
'Mary'

'Barb'

'Nancy'

'Art'

'Verly'



Freshman

Sophomore

Junior

Junior Class

Front Row: June Smith, Marilyn Pelletier, David Quimby, Advisor Mr. Johnson, Mayo Berry, Betsy Butler, Loretta Trynor.
Back Row: Sheila Plummer, Herbert Johnson, Roger Emmons, Charles Hill, Muriel Benson.

Sophomore Class

Front Row: Judy Meserve, Lorraine Jenness, Theodore Brown, Advisor Mrs. Hodsdon, Charles Townsend, Elaine Goff, Verna Libby.
Back Row: Rosalie Hanson, Shirley Haskell, Janice Pelletier, Robert Hanson, Owen Grant, Charlene Trynor. Absent: Sylvia Plummer.

THE SUNBEAM

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class of 1955-56 got underway on Sept. 9. Our meeting was brought to order by our former president, Mayo Berry. For this school year we elected as follows:

President	David Quimby
Vice-President	Mayo Berry
Secretary	Marilyn Pelletier
Treasurer	Betsy Butler
Student Council	Charles Hill
	Muriel Benson
	June Smith

As our class advisor, we elected Mr. Johnston.

We held a freshman reception in the gymnasium on September 30.

Our Junior Prom was held May 11. We had Johnny Houston's Orchestra. For decorations we had Japanese lanterns, fans, and balloons. Refreshments were served during the evening. Marilyn and David were elected queen and king of the prom.

We held a food sale in June. This was a successful project.

Just about everyone went out for basketball this year. Those who participated in girls basketball were: Muriel Benson, Sheila Plummer, Loretta Trynor, and Betsy Butler. Those who went out for boys basketball were: Charles Hill, David Quimby and Mayo Berry.

Muriel and Charles represented our school as All-Stars. Roger Emmons was the manager of the boys team, and June Smith was a cheerleader.

David Quimby, our track star, was as great this year as last. He ran in the state meet at the University of Maine. Since he placed in among the first ten, he went to the New England meet in Connecticut.

Betsy Butler was selected from our class to go to Girls State from June 15 to June 21.

David Quimby represented our school in the prize-speaking finals at Bridgton.

THE SUNBEAM

SOPHOMORE CLASS

On September 7, 1955, twelve sophomores entered Hollis High School. In February, Sylvia Plummer transferred from Thornton Academy to Hollis High. We now have thirteen in our class.

We held our first class meeting on September 9 to elect class officers. Those elected were:

President	Theodore Brown
Vice-President	Charles Townsend
Secretary	Lorraine Jenness
Treasurer	Elaine Goff
Student Council	Shirley Haskell
	Janice Pelletier

On October 3, Mrs. Hodsdon was elected class advisor.

Janice Pelletier, Charlene Trynor, Shirley Haskell, Teddy Brown, Owen Grant and Robert Hanson participated in basketball.

Elaine Goff was manager of the girls team, and Shirley and Janice were cheerleaders. Sonney Townsend and Teddy Brown played on the baseball team.

Our first class activity of the year was a candy sale. We made $27.30 on this sale, which was well-worth the effort.

On November 5, we sponsored a food sale at Deering's Hardware, which netted us $22.25 for our Washington Trip fund.

We had a square dance on March 9 at the gymnasium. Everett Johnson from Portland was the caller. We made a profit of $14.78.

Elaine Goff was second in the County Spelling Contest.

Freshman Class

Front Row: Suzanne Smith, Margaret Nichols, William Walker, Advisor Mrs. Corey Peter Brooks, Jacqueline Clark, Jacqueline Yorke.
Back Row: Stephen Quimby,

Back Row: Betsy Romine, Jean Hoyt, Kenneth Huff, Linwood Dyer, Stephen Quimby, Richard Bolton, Howard Meservy, Edward Pierce, Sandra Plummer, Irene Hamilton. Absent: Frank Bickford.

Spelling Contest

Front Row: Suzanne Smith, Margaret Nichols, Elaine Goff.
Back Row: Coach Mrs. Corey, Peter Brooks.

FRESHMEN CLASS

The seventeen freshmen opened the year with their first business meeting on September 15, 1955, and elected the following officers:

President	William Walker
Vice President	Peter Brooks
Secretary	Margaret Nichols
Treasurer	Jacqueline Clark
Student Council	Peter Brooks

The whole class went "all out" during the Magazine Campaign and we exceeded $250. As a reward we sponsored a supper and netted over $70. Our efforts were well worth while. Our final activity was a "Record Hop" held on May 25.

Nearly every freshman has taken part in the different activities.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Richard Bolton
Linwood Dyer
Edward Pierce
Stephen Quimby

BAND

Jacqueline Clark
Margaret Nichols
Sandra Plummer
Suzanne Smith
William Walker

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Richard Bolton
Linwood Dyer
Edward Pierce
Frank Bickford
William Walker
Stephen Quimby

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Sandra Plummer
Margaret Nichols
Betsy Romine
Suzanne Smith
Jacqueline Clark
Jacqueline York,
Cheerleader

SPELLING

Margaret Nichols
Peter Brooks
Suzanne Smith

PRIZE SPEAKING

Peter Brooks
Sandra Plummer
Betsy Romine
Jacqueline York
William Walker
Jean Hoyt
Irene Hamilton

BASEBALL

Richard Bolton
Edward Pierce
William Walker
Kenneth Huff
Peter Brooks
Linwood Dyer
Frank Bickford
Stephen Quimby
Howard Meservey

THE SUNBEAM

PRIZE SPEAKING

Try outs for Prize Speaking were held March 24 and 25. Ten students went out for it. They were as follows: Betsy Butler, Janice Pelletier, Shelia Plummer, Mayo Berry, Elaine Goff, Loretta Trynor, Charles Hill, Muriel Benson, Charlene Trynor, and Marilyn Pelletier. The six finalists presented a program on April 1, 1955, at Hollis High Gymnasium. Selections and speakers were: Betsy Butler -- "Kid Stuff"; Janice Pelletier -- "White Lilacs"; Shelia Plummer -- "Quiet Please"; Elaine Goff -- "Biff Perkin's Tobogan Slide"; Loretta Trynor -- "Joanne of Lorraine"; Mayo Berry -- "It's a Wise Brother Who Knows His Own Sister".

Shelia Plummer was awarder first prize and was chosen to represent the school at Bridgton. Janice Pelletier won second prize.

The high school chorus, under the direction of Mr. Young, supported the program by presenting selections.

Loretta Trynor '57

SPELLING CONTEST

The Cumberland-York Spelling Contest was held at Cornish on November 1, 1955.

Each school had three representatives and an alternate. Representing our school were Peter Brooks, Margaret Nichols, Elaine Goff, and Suzanne Smith, the alternate.

Susan Ryder of Bridgton won the contest and Elaine came in second. Our school placed third.

Elaine Goff '58

Public Speaking

Front Row: Sheila Plummer, Janice Pelletier, Elaine Goff, Loretta Trynor.
Back Row: Betsy Butler, Mayo Berry.

Orchestra

Janice Pelletier, Suzanne Smith, Jacqueline Clark, Sandra Plummer,
Margaret Nichols, William Walker.

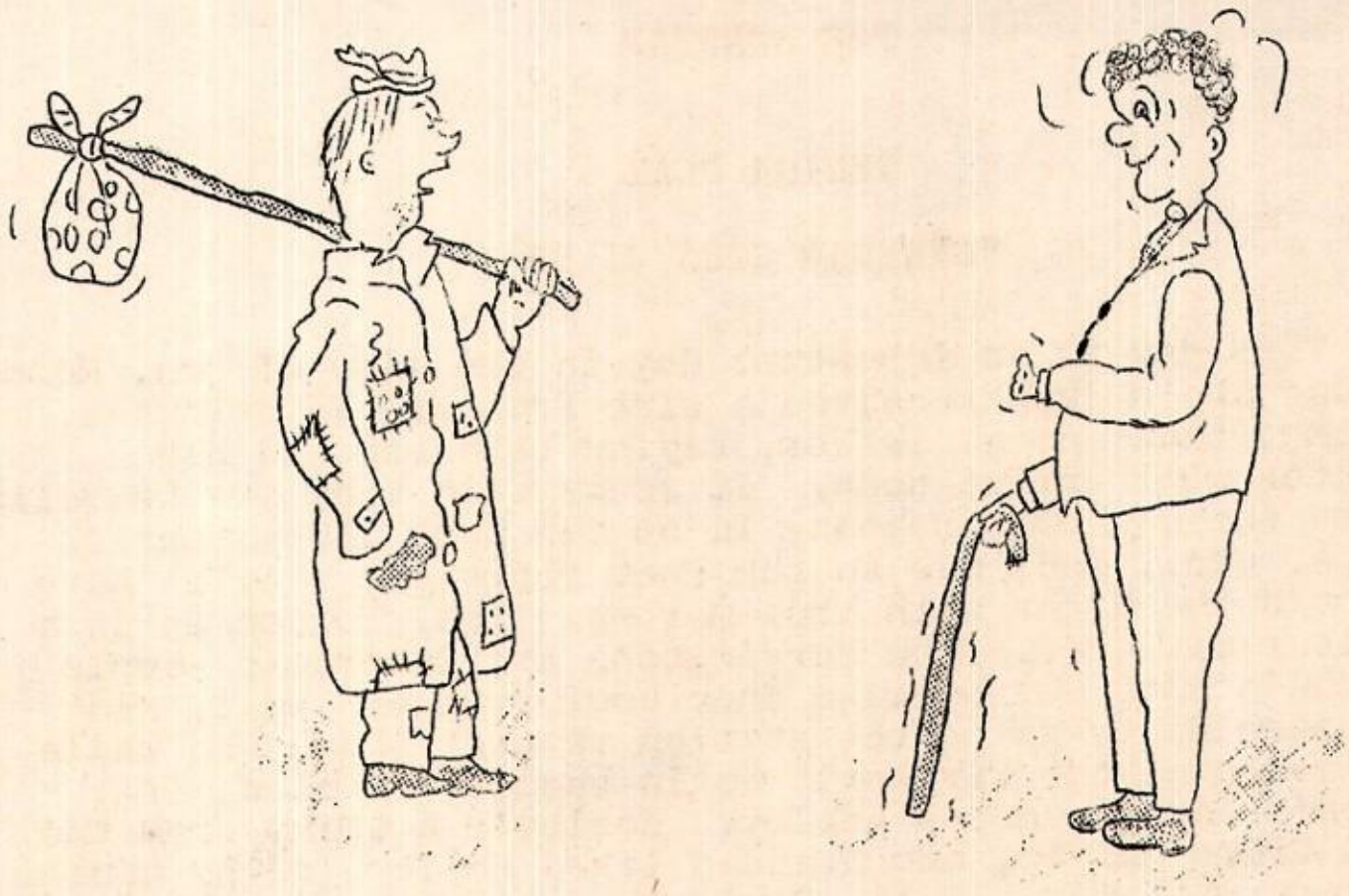
THE SUNBEAM

SENIOR PLAY

"GRANDAD GOES WILD"

This day is an important day in the life of Mrs. Morton, because she's just received a wire from Mrs. Harrington, the important social leader, saying that she and her daughter will arrive soon. It seems that they are traveling across the country dropping in on the many clubs, social groups, etc., and, due to the room shortage, they'll have to spend the night with Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Morton is in a complete dither.....the Harringtons are important people and she's just GOT to make them comfortable. Well, she and niece Betty go to the station to meet them, and while they're gone, the fireworks begin because Grandad, Mrs. Morton's father, meets Hooley. Hooley's a tramp from the local tramp jungle, and Grandad liked Hooley, so he hauled him home with him. Well, Hooley's a totally unrefined fellow; his toes protrude from his shoes and he's some specimen indeed. Unbeknown to Mrs. Morton, the Harringtons have arrived by private car, while she's at the station, and the first person they meet is Hooley. They mistake him for one of the family, and their opinion is formed right then and there. Now it seems that Hooley is a man of big ideas and gluey fingers, and by the time Mrs. Morton and niece can return from the station, watches are missing, money's missing, as well as rings, ornaments, etc., and Hooley persuaded Grandad to back him in a big deal. Well, Mrs. Harrington is out to sue for the loss of her valuables, everybody is at everybody else's throat, gobs of relatives start pouring in, things are about to explode, and then it's discovered that Hooley may have smallpox, and everyone is ordered to stay in the house for two whole weeks. By this time the house is crammed full, Mrs. Morton is frantic, Hooley's having a regular convention.

The cast of the Senior Play greatly appreciate the effort that Mr. Johnston spent coaching us on our parts, and all the time he spent with us at rehearsals. Our thanks to Mrs. Corey for putting on the cast make-up. We also wish to express our appreciation to Charles Hill, Owen Grant, Sheila Plummer, Betsy Butler, and Mayo Berry for their cooperation in helping to make the Senior Play possible.



THE CAST

Mrs. Laura Morton. . . . . Virginia Huff

Grandad . . . . . Arthur Hodgkins

Angie . . . . . Nancy Huwe

Betty Shadduck . . . . . Verlie Hill

Kip Shadduck . . . . . Owen Grant

Jack Norwood . . . . . Charles Hill

Horotious Hooley . . . . . William Nichols

Grogan . . . . . Mayo Berry

Jane Woods . . . . . .Diane Drew

Mrs. Victoria Harrington . . . . . Sheila Plummer

Della Harrington . . . . . Barbara Haskell

Miss Drusilla Dobbins . . . . . Marilyn Maddox

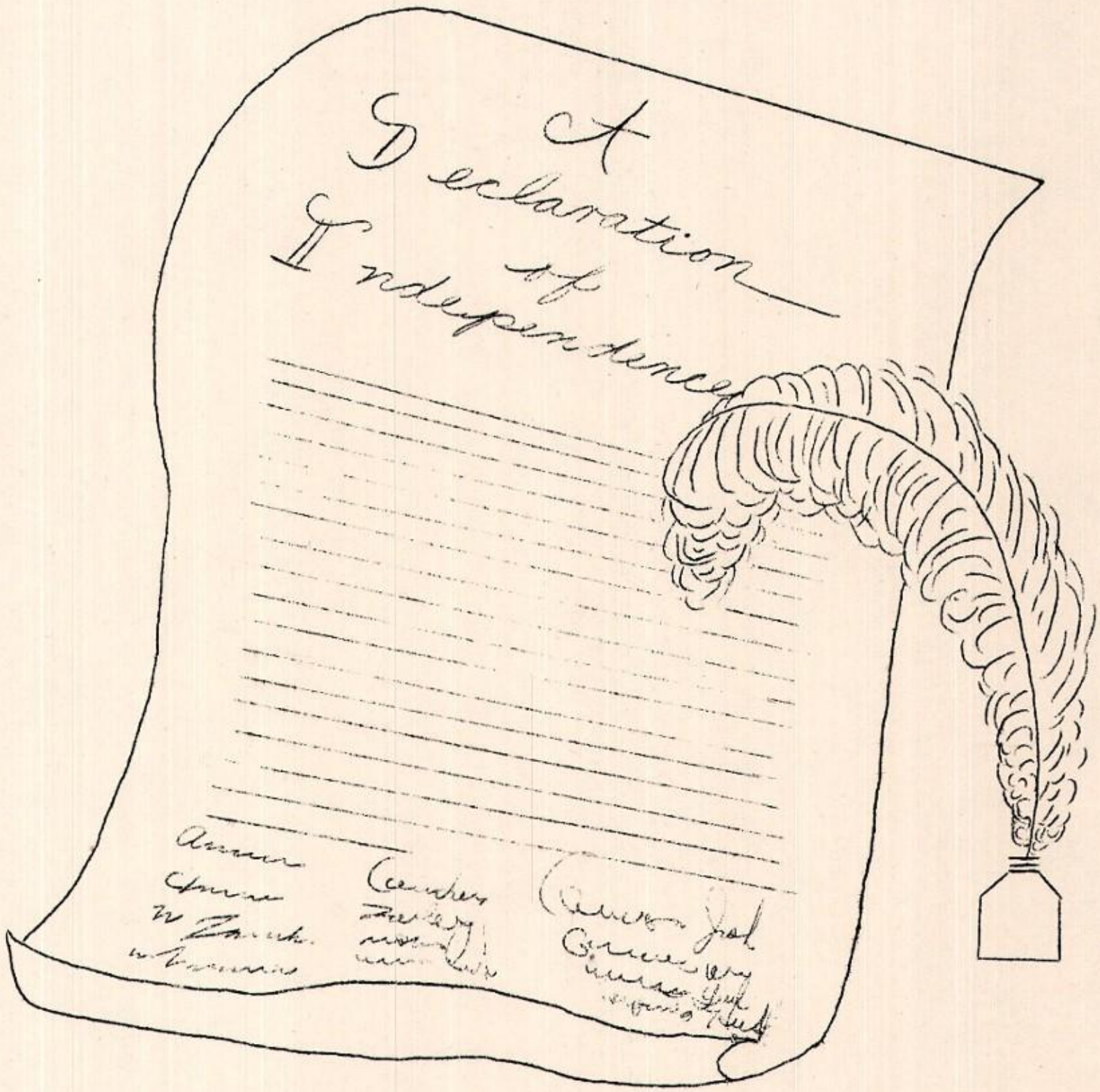
School Play

Front Row: Diane Drew, Barbara Haskell, Coach Mr. Johnson, Virginia Huff, Sheila Plummer.

Back Row: Marilyn Maddox, Mayo Berry, Nancy Huwe, William Nichols, Betsy Butler
Charles Hill, Verly Hill, Owen Grant.
Absent: Arthur Hodgkins.

Chorus

First Row: Owen Grant, Edward Pierce, Linwood Dyer, Peter Brooks, Kenneth Huff.
Second Row: Judy Meserve, Loretta Trynor, Suzanne Smith, Barbara Haskell, Jean Hoyt, Betsy Romine, June Smith.
Third Row: Jacqueline Yorke, Elaine Goff, Lorraine Jenness, Shirley Haskell, Jacqueline Clark, Margaret Nichols, Janice Pelletier, Marilyn Pelletier, Sandra Plummer, Charlene Trynor, Rosalie Hanson, Irene Hamilton.
Fourth Row: Howard Meservey, Richard Bolton, Charles Hill, Roger Emmons, Charles Townsend, William Walker, Theodore Brown, David Quimby, Herbert Johnson, Robert Hanson, Stephen Quimby. Absent: Frank Bickford.



LITERATURE

Our Flag

What is in our minds as the flag of the United States waves gloriously before us? As we solemnly pledge our allegiance do we know what we are actually saying or is it just memorized words without much meaning?

The flag, like the cross, is very sacred. It is a symbol of union, liberty, and national security and an emblem of all that our country means to us. Each day we see our flag at school, church, or other public places, but often we need to stop and think what it represents. How lucky we are to be able to live under a flag which assures us justice, freedom, and liberty while people in some lands do not even have the right to think for themselves. We should at all times show reverence, respect, and deep devotion for it.

Service men, when honoring our flag, show their deep emotion and deep love. It recalls to each of these men, and should to us, the memories of our country and also its promising future. It represents the great episodes of our country. It reminds us of our neighbors and all the people who make up our United States. It is our guardian and makes us one equal family where there is no distinction of race, color, or religion. It represents our joys, our sorrows, and our hopes.

The flag of our country represents a living thing--The Nation. "Old Glory" stands for America itself, and as such, ranks second to none in its right to our respect. Our hopes and ideals are represented in its stars and stripes.

Recently I have visited the place where our Independence was born and our first flag was made. I wish everyone could do the same, and I am sure then, our pledge of allegiance would have a greater depth of meaning for each one.

Virginia Huff
Editor '56

American Legion Prize Winning Essay 1955

AMERICA, A PRODUCT OF NATURE

America is a product of nature! What a lot of meaning that statement holds. As far as the eye can see, there are fields filled with nature's abundant harvest; lakes, rivers, mountains, forests, and wildlife. Even where the human eye cannot penetrate there is more of nature's abundance in the form of mineral resources.

Scenery? America is a vast expanse of scenic wonders. We have the greatest and most varied phases of scenery to be found anywhere.

Patriotism can be defined as love of one's country. To me this can be love of the natural wonders of that country and in order to develop this deep regard, each should know what beauty his country has and where he must go to find it.

If it is water you want to see, America has more navigable bodies of water than any other country in the world. Along the western and eastern parts of the United States are two oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, to the South is the Carribbean Sea and to the North are the Great Lakes, which have been called more than once, oceans because of their huge size. Not only are we nearly surrounded by water but inside our country there are many thousands of lakes, and rivers. The most important rivers are the Mississippi and Missouri which together stretch about 4,200 miles, and make up the longest river system in the world. These two mighty rivers plus their eight equally large branches drain a great basin extending from the Appalachian to the Rocky Mountains, or half the United States.

Is it trees and huge waterfalls you want to see? Well then, let us go to east-central California to the Yosemite National Park. In the words of John Muir, the explorer and naturalist, "It contains countless lakes and waterfalls and smooth silky lawns. Here, too, are the noblest forests, the highest granite domes, the deepest ice-covered canyons, and snowy mountains soaring into the sky twelve and thirteen thousand feet. This beautiful valley was hidden to the world until 1851, when a company of volunteers, under the leadership of Major James Savage, found it while searching for Indian raiders. Their path brought them to a great cliff. Looking over the brink, Major Savage saw a great gorge in the mountain, floored with forests and meadows, and surrounded by cliffs and rock towers. Looking further, he beheld a huge waterfall with a drop of 2600 feet which is 16 times the height of Niagara. This is called the valley without an equal, and with good reason.

Perhaps next you would like to visit a very different scenic beauty--the deepest, the widest, the most extensive and the most marvelous canyon in the world. You've probably already guessed that this is our Grand Canyon, with its golden walls that are a mile deep. Far below its rim winds a silver ribbon, the Colorado River. Sheer walls, fantastic peaks, flat-topped hills and pinnacles rise from the canyon floor and glow with ever-changing colors.

Did you realize that along with all the other abundances of nature we have four major mountain ranges, eight smaller mountains about the size of the Sierra Nevada range, and six peaks all over 14,000 feet high. Famous among our mountain ranges are Mount Ranier in Washington, Pikes Peak, in Colorado, and Mount Hood in Oregon, and Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. All of these supply us with recreation, food, lumber, and mineral resources.

Yellowstone National Park is the place to visit if you wish to see America's scenic beauty in panorama. Here you will find deep gorges, waterfalls, and cataracts, giant geysers, hot springs, sparkling lakes and rivers. This natural wonderland was the first national park ever established in the United States. It occupies the north-western corner of Wyoming, overlapping into Montana and Idaho, and is about 2/3 the size of Conn. Great Forests of lodge-pole pine spruce, and Douglas Fir, cover most of the park area. To add to this, Yellowstone Park also includes Golden Gate Canyon and the canyons of the Gardiner and Gibbon Rivers. Here too are the Fountain Paint Pot, a pool of boiling clay of different colors; Mud Geyser; Obsidian Cliff, a mountain of glass 165 feet high; and Roaring Mountain, a hill that shoots jets of steam from its sides with tremendous force. Here, indeed, is another natural wonder of our country.

Others I might mention are Glacier National Park in Montana, the Endless Caverns of Virginia or the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico, and the Petrified Forest of Northern Arizona. Mt. Whitney, our highest mountain peak, and Death Valley, our lowest point of land are both in Sequoia National Park, where we also find the largest and oldest living things on earth, the giant sequoia trees.

When the first settlers stood on the Atlantic shore, they must have wondered what lay behind the trees that separated them from this unknown continent. Would they be strong enough to wrestle with and conquer this new land? They were successful and now: It is not I that belong to the past, but the past that belongs to me. America is the youngest of the nations and inherits all that went before in history. And I am the youngest of America's children, and into my hands is given all her priceless heritage. Mine is the whole majestic past, and mine is the shining future.

Sylvia Nichols '55

Teachers Say:

1. Would you please do it for me?
2. Some of you can do it.
3. I think you all will agree with me.
4. Are you quite sure of that?
5. I'm sure you didn't mean to do it.
6. Of course, you will understand.
7. You give me your opinion.
8. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Teachers Mean:

1. Do it or else.
2. There may be some of you who can do it, but the rest of you are too dumb.
3. I know you had better agree.
4. Do you mean to sit there and lie right up and down.
5. Now I know you did it on purpose--why?
6. You should understand, but you're probably too stupid.
7. Your opinion is of no value to me.
8. If you can't get that through your thick head, you had better quit school.

Verly Hill

I Will Not Pass

Shorthand is my weakness
I shall not pass.
It maketh me to study nights
   and miss my favorite T.V. program.
It leadeth me into Room 4
For Mrs. Hodsdon's sake.
Yea, tho I walk to and from her class
I shall not be happy.
Her phrases and brief forms, they torment me
She shall prepare a place for me in the corner
And she shall annoint my head with a dunce cap.
My head, it is empty.
Surely D's and F's shall follow me
   all the days of my life
And I shall dwell in Mrs. Hodsdon's class forever.

Nancy Huwe

THE SUNBEAM

An Experience With George

I am about to relate to you a story about George, that's my car, George is. This story is fiction and not one word of truth in it.

Once upon a time, many years ago, I was in school. I had brought George that beautiful shiney morning. Anyway, it had been clear that morning when I left home, but along towards noontime it started to cloud up. It was snowing like mad when school let out, and there was already about three inches on the ground.

George and I were prepared. George had on his best snow treads and all the alcohol his radiator would hold. I had on my overshoes and heavy coat. The only difference was I didn't have any alcohol in my radiator.

Well, anyway, we took off, and I mean took off. We went out around the corner like a shot. I just couldn't stop George, he felt so good. Finally though, I managed to get him out of the field and into the road again. I told him to stop his showing off and behave, and he did, for the time being anyway.

Well, I got pretty near home when he started acting out again. We were right on top of a hill with a bridge at the bottom and a big pool of water all frozen over on one side of the bridge. I saw George eyeing the patch of ice and I knew what was going through his little V-8 engine mind. The alcohol had finally gotten the best of him. He wanted to go skating. Then all of a sudden George took off with such a surge of power, that I flew right off the front seat, out the door and into the pool. I looked for George and finally saw him sliding down the hill on his transmission and heading for the pool of ice.

"Stop!" I said. "Stop, George! You'll scrape your paint."

George kept on sliding for the ice. He finally reached it and he had a ball skating for about three minutes. All of a sudden there was a big crash. George went through the ice. Well, I pulled him out, dried him off and carried him home. He was sick for a long time. I took out all his alcohol and put him to bed and, as far as I know, he is still there recovering from a bad hangover.

Charlie Hill '57

THE SUNBEAM

Father Time

Hospital zone--Quiet ! The dead leaves drift down from the trees to the barren earth below. It is quiet outside the hospital, yet inside a battle is being waged. Father Time is visiting two people inside. Will he take their lives at a snap of his finger or will he postpone it and give somebody another chance to make good in life.

A young boy is begging for another chance. He was driving his car too fast. It slid across the road, and crashed head on into an oncoming car. His body sailed through the windshield and landed twenty feet away in a crumpled heap.

And what about the oncoming car? The driver was an elderly lady, a school teacher, returning home from a trying day at a junior high school. Her senses were not alert enough and she could do nothing except jam on the brakes and pray that the car didn't hit her. But the car didn't stop ! She was found on top of her car door, which had been knocked off its hinges by the terrific impact.

The two people were found about five minutes after the crash. Both were alive but unconscious. Immediately they were rushed to the nearest hospital. The boy had tiny particles of glass imbedded in his head and it seemed probable he would have a hemorrhage of the brain. He had many minor cuts besides. His breathing was irregular and his temperature was high above normal. It seemed unlikely that he would live long. The teacher had serious internal injuries. Her heart beat was weak and slow. She didn't seem to care if she lived or died. She was blind.

Both were operated on as soon as they arrived at the hospital. The families and relatives were notified and quickly hurried to the hospital. The young boy had a large family and many relatives. The teacher had none. She lived alone in a cheap apartment. Her car was her only luxury.

Were they saved? The boy was. The doctors performed a miracle and held Father Time off for a little longer, but perhaps it would have been better if they hadn't saved him. He was handicapped. The teacher passed quietly away with a soft sigh and a smile of relief from the pain she could no longer endure. She was glad to go to a place where she could have peace and didn't have to worry whether or not she had enough money. She was happy.

Father Time postponed one of his calls but was it worth it? It is quiet outside of the hospital, but inside the battle against time is still going on.

Margaret Nichols
'59

THE SUNBEAM

WHO ARE SMARTER-BOYS OR GIRLS?

Well, of course, right off the bat we know who is the smarter. Boys are! But sometimes there seems to be a little difference of opinion from a few supposedly small weak, dainty ladies, that holler like a bull moose when they know they haven't got a chance against the stronger sex.

If you ask a girl who the best football player is at school, I bet you she says, A BOY IS. Ask a girl who the best basketball player is, and I bet you money she says SOME BOY IS. Ask them who they had the most dates with and they'll say BOYS. Ask them who got the best grades in agriculture or engineering and they'll have to say BOYS. That just goes to show you boys are smarter than girls.

That still isn't enough to convince the female sex though. So any boy, I don't care who he is, as long as he isn't stuck on any girl and you ask him who is smarter, a boy or a girl. He will tell you BOYS are the smarter.

That is the end of my story, a long time unsolved problem has just been solved. Boys are smarter than girls.

Charles Hill '57

GIRLS ARE SMARTER THAN BOYS!

So we are the weaker sex! Well, let us prove just how strong and smart that female sex really is.

I never knew a boy to date a boy. Why? Because GIRLS are dainty and attractive and so appealing! Who bakes the pies and cakes--washes the clothes--mends the socks? Why the strong, able head of the house and SHE IS MOM. Ask a boy who talks the most? He answers--GIRLS. Who holds the record for being late? GIRLS! Who wears the prettiest dresses? GIRLS! And just who has the softest hands? Any boy gladly answers--GIRLS.

Oh, yes, boys say things about us but to whom do they run when they want love, understanding and sympathy? There's only one answer and that's in the form of a SWEETHEART, MOTHER, OR GRANDMOTHER. Boys, you are all right but you can't get along without us and so you must admit that we girls are the smarter sex.

Junior Girls

THE SUNBEAM

Buckshot Jones

I shall never forget one night when I was out in the hills of Wyoming. I had a very exciting experience. I had better stop and tell you my name. It's Buckshot Jones, and I live in a little shanty out in those wild western hills.

One night I was in town. They called it Death Valley, because so many people had been shot there. A cowboy, named Wild Bill, walked up to me and said, "Hello there, Buckshot, where's the sheriff?"

"Now you look right here. I'm the only sheriff in this here town. If you want any trouble, you've come to just the right person," I answered.

"I want to tell you one thing," he said. "If you don't stop practice shooting at my horses tails there is going to be real trouble."

I'll let you in on a little secret. I do go out in the hills and practice my shooting. My target is quite unusual. I shoot the hairs off the horse's tails. I can shoot those hairs off faster than you can blink an eye.

"Well, don't you get nervous," I said. "I was just trying to do a little neat trimming."

"You better stop or there will be a little shooting done here. I'll do it myself," growled Bill.

"Now just who says there will be any trouble? You better go along and mind your business if you don't want your pants full of lead," I answered.

Not long after that I had to drive the stage coach to another town. It was loaded with passengers, express, gold, and mail. Suddenly a wild war whoop rang out from the hills and a band of redskins sprang from their hiding place among the rocks. I leaned forward, picked up my gun, and shot them all as dead as a door nail. So you see, practice shooting hairs from horses tails really paid off and I, Sheriff Buckshot Jones, lived to tell this story many times. I will admit that I often add a little now and then, but that keeps everyone happy.

Shirley Haskell '58

THE SUNBEAM

Randy's Heriosm

Randy Moore was waiting patiently for the family to retire for the night. Finally, he and his Uncle Pete were the only ones left in the family parlor. Uncle Pete was a scientist and was staying at the Moore place during his vacation. The Moore estate was located on an island off the coast of Cape Cod.

"Well, Randy," said Uncle Pete, "I'll be going, good-night."

"Goodnight, Uncle Pete," answered Randy, "don't forget out fishing trip tomorrow."

Now, thought Randy when his uncle was out of sight, now is my chance. The night was quite cold and Randy felt rather chilly as he rowed toward the northern end of the island, where the old lighthouse was located. Randy was only nine but had learned how to row very well from his father, so he made good time. There was something exciting about the night to the young boy. Hadn't he seen a light in the supposedly empty lighthouse. Hadn't his playful dog, Wags, come from the lighthouse last night with a man's cap hanging from his mouth. There was no doubt about it, someone was using the lighthouse. Maybe a spy or some convict was hiding out at the lighthouse. Randy was going to be a hero.

Randy felt very tense as he pulled the boat up on the beach. Through the fog he could see a faint light. Did he dare go in? Randy made his way to the lighthouse and paused at the door. Did he hear someone moving around, or was it his imagination? He hesitated for a moment than swung the door open. The dampness of the place seemed to hit him in the face. In the faint light he could see cobwebs hanging and a number of bats. Oh, thought Randy, maybe I won't make such a good hero after all. He had one foot almost on the first step, when he stopped. There on the dust-covered stairs were footprints. Randy shivered. Then the light went out. Randy stumbled in the darkness. Someone was running down the stairs. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came.

"Get out of here," said a voice out of the darkness. "Get out, do you hear me, you'll be killed."

Randy moved toward the door, and ran out into the foggy night. As he reached his boat there was a loud bang, like the going off of a gun. Had the running person been the victim of a murderer? "Oh, why, why, did I come here," said the fearful Randy. as he shoved the boat into the water.

THE SUNBEAM

"Hey, Randy," called someone from the lighthouse. "I thought you went to bed."

"Uncle Pete," shouted Randy, "why, what happened? What are you doing here?"

"I was doing an experiment on a new theory of mine, answered his scientest uncle. "Something went wrong and I knew there was going to be an explosion. I thought I heard someone so I hollered, so they could get out in time."

Randy looked at his uncle in disbelief. Well, he thought, maybe I'm not a hero, but it was a very exciting experience.

"Coming, Randy," said Uncle Pete, "You and I better get some rest for the fishing trip tomorrow.

Janice Pelletier '58

H is for Hollis, known by people near and far
O is for "Orful" which some of our lessons are
L is for the literature most of us fear
L is for lost; our freshmen are their first half year
I is for initials carved all over the desks
S is for our sorrow, after we flunk our tests.

H is for the holidays; our only real joys
I is for our favorite items, in other words, our toys
G is for gum which we chew whenever we can
H is for the hunger we all possess at ten.

S is for the Seniors, oh yes, the graduates
C is for the crumbs we leave as proof of what we ate
H is for the Hollis nappers from 2 o'clock on
O is for the omnibus we ride to school upon
O is for the overtime for studies after three
L is for the library where books to read are free.

Roger Emmons '57

THE SUNBEAM

I Stuck To It

Chris, a boy of 15, and his younger brother, Tony, who was six, were out looking for their young pup, Sandy, who had run away.

"Do you think we'll find him, Chris?" asked Tony. "He has been gone almost all night."

"I know," replied Chris, "but where else could he be? We've looked everywhere, but here in these woods."

As Chris finished saying this, he looked up at the sky. "We'd better find him soon, it's getting dark and I think it's going to rain soon."

"So what if it does rain? We've been out in the rain before and I've simply got to find Sandy."

"I know how much you want to find him, Tony, but you know how sick you have been and if you get wet and sick again, you'll just make Mom worry," said Chris.

"But Chris, we are going to keep looking for him, aren't we? He will be awful afraid if it thunders, he hates it so. It has always scared him," cried Tony.

"Well, we'll look for him a little while longer, but when it starts raining, we're going home," said Chris in a very decided tone.

"But I won't get sick, Chris, I know I won't. Please let me look for him even if it does rain," begged Tony.

As the boys kept searching, little Tony kept looking at the sky and praying that it wouldn't rain, at least, until he found his Sandy. Chris was walking a little behind Tony, looking in every part of the woods on each side of the path. Poor Tony, Chris thought, if we don't find that pup he'll be broken-hearted over it. The poor tired kid.

While Chris was walking slowly thinking this, Tony had run ahead looking frantically for Sandy. All of a sudden Tony stopped and looked to one side of the path. Gee, thought Tony, I wonder if Sandy could be over in that bunch of trees. I wonder if Chris will be mad if I go look. I don't think he will. If it starts raining, I know he will make me go home, and I've just got to find Sandy.

So Tony ran off hunting for Sandy. All of a sudden Chris's thoughts were interrupted by a wild scream. He looked up quite startled. Where was Tony? What was the matter with him? Chris started off on a run to find what was wrong with his brother. "Tony, Tony, where are you--what is the matter?" yelled Chris.

All of a sudden Chris heard Tony crying. He called, "Where are you, Tony, say something! Where are you?"

"Here I am over here!" Tony replied wildly. "Help me quick, Chris, I've got a wonderful surprise for you. Hurry, Chris!"

Chris ran towards the voice he heard. He stopped again to listen. "Look, down here, Chris. Here I am," sobbed Tony.

Sure enough, when Chris looked down, there was Tony. He had fallen down into a hole about six feet deep.

"Help me up quick, Chris. I've found Sandy. We can go home now," whimpered the little boy.

After Chris had helped Tony up and they had started for home he couldn't understand what Tony meant. He kept saying over and over again as it started to rain, "I knew it wouldn't rain, I knew it wouldn't rain until we found Sandy."

Charlene Trynor '58

I have just received a test
It was not my very best.
It was truly very poor,
I can count mistakes galore.

I can see my mother's eyes
Filled with disapproved suprise
When she sees my test so poor
With its silly mistakes galore.

No more of this kind of stuff
I heard my father say, so gruff.
With ranks like this you'll never pass
You'll stay in a while, my lass.

Now I'm really on the hook
Every night my head's in a book,
And all because of a test so poor
With silly old mistakes galore.

Loretta Trynor '57

- Caught In The Act

"Don't just stand there! Tell me what happened!" Jane said to Mary as the two girls met at the school.

"Well, I was downtown shopping. I parked right in front of Butler's where I always do. I went into the store and when I came out and started to get into the car, a strange man began to shout at me," answered Mary.

"What? Was he cute?" asked Jane.

"Oh, Jane, he was an old man."

"How old?" questioned Jane.

"I don't know, probably thirty. Well, anyway he came along and was he hollering! I thought he was crazy. He asked me what I was doing entering his car. I told him it most certainly wasn't his car, it was mine. Of course, it was my father's, but he let me take it for the day. Just then the people started gathering and before I knew it, they were crowding and pushing. They looked at me as if I were a criminal caught trying to steal a car. Just then that nice policeman, O'Donnelly, came along. Boy, did he ever look handsome in his blue uniform and shiney badge!

He called me "Miss Mary." You know how he always calls everyone either Miss or Mister. Anyway he said that we should be logical and look at the registration card. We did. Would you believe it, the car was identical to Daddy's except for that card. I hate to admit it, but that hollering man knew his own car and I had made the mistake.

Jane, do you know how awful I felt? You might ask what had happened? Daddy had come along by Butler's. He'd gone to town on the bus that morning so I could have the car. He came out of the office, saw it, and started home in it. He got all the way to Ocean Street before he remembered that he had came in by bus. What? You think my family is very absent-minded. Well, of all the nerve! I don't care what you think, and you don't need to walk any further. I'll go the rest of the way alone. Goodbye!"

Loretta Trynor '57

THE SUNBEAM

When visitors from outer space landed on the desolate airless planet, Earth, they found ruins of once great cities. Where New York City once stood they found a sign saying, "Welcome to New York City" and a gigantic crater half choked with slabs of concrete and twisted pieces of steel.

Upon investigation on a nearby mountain top, they found a ruin of an observatory. In searching this ruin they discovered a diary. When they translated it, they found that it was dated 200 years before. This is the strange story they read:

December 3, 1956

Today while observing the crater paramecia, I discovered the moon is nearer to us by fifty miles! It is advancing about three miles every 24 hours.

December 29, 1956

Today I tried to warn the people over the radios and televisions. Word is that they laughed at me and called me a crackpot.

December 30, 1956

Today I discovered that one of the highest peaks on the moon broke away in a great moonquake and was hurled into space. It is bearing down on the earth. Why won't these people listen to me?

December 31, 1956

According to my calculation, the fragment of the moon will strike New York City tomorrow at noon. Prof. Antony Van Leeuwenkolk was with me tonight. We will try to warn the people of the city.

January 1, 1957

The people listened to the professor and left the city by 5 A.M. The fragment struck the city at 11:58. It destroyed nearly all of the city.

January 5, 1957

After studying the moon I found that it will sweep so near the earth that it will boil away the atmosphere. This will happen sometime next month.

February 7, 1957

I have warned the country what will happen. The rest is up to them. The moon is sweeping nearer. The heat is terrific. In another hour there will be no one left on earth. I leave this diary to anyone who may find it.

After reading this account, the visitors from outer space decided to return to their own planet and never come to earth again.

Teddy Brown '58

THE SUNBEAM

Ruth Ann's Experience

It was the very first day of school. Everybody was excited, except poor little Ruth Ann. It was her first year in school which should have made her very happy, because all children just entering school are happy because it is something new. But you see Ruth Ann was a victim of polio when she was a very young baby, which delayed her in walking. Her walking ability was almost perfect when school time rolled around for her. But she had a very slight limp that was only noticeable at certain times, mostly at the end of the day when she was tired. But you see this limp bothered Ruth Ann, because she knew it was there even though it wasn't noticeable; and she was very sensitive about it. She was afraid that the children at school would laugh and make fun of her because she had this limp. She was a very pretty girl, a picture of every little girl's dream. She had beautiful big blue eyes and blond hair that came to her shoulders in long ringlets. Her parents loved her very much but she was certain that her illness had made them dislike her.

Well, much to Ruth Ann's regret, she went to school that first day and everything was fine, for she made many friends. The older children admired her beauty and nobody noticed her limp except those who knew about it. She got so interested in playing with the other children that she forgot all about herself.

When she got home from school that first day, her mother asked her about her teacher and the new friends that she had. Ruth Ann was so happy that she could hardly talk. After telling her mother all about her happy experience, she went out to play with the other children. This was the first time she had really enjoyed going out with the others to play. This made her parents very happy.

As she went through grammar school and high school, she met many more new friends. She was convinced that her parents did love her because of all the many things they did to help her. Her grades in school were very good too. She never got below a B in her rank all through school. She is now a senior in college and has many more years of study ahead because she has her heart set on becoming a doctor. She wants to help all those who have polio.

Diane Drew '56

Mistaken Identity

The doorbell rang and Ann rushed to the door. Ann was a pretty girl of 16, but she was very shy. When she opened the door there stood the mailman with a mammoth valentine.

Her cup of joy overflowed. She had never received such a big valentine in her life. She quickly opened it and found it was a sweetheart valentine signed, "Ray." Well, she had had a crush on Ray for a long time, but she never dreamed he even knew she was alive. She was so happy that she ran to the phone to thank him. After she had thanked him and hung up, he wondered how she had ever received a valentine from him. He had sent one to Sue who lived on the same street and the mailman must have left it at the wrong address. But why was he feeling so gloomy? He had liked Ann for a long time, but hadn't ever dared to ask her out. Now his only prayer was that she would never read the name on the envelope.

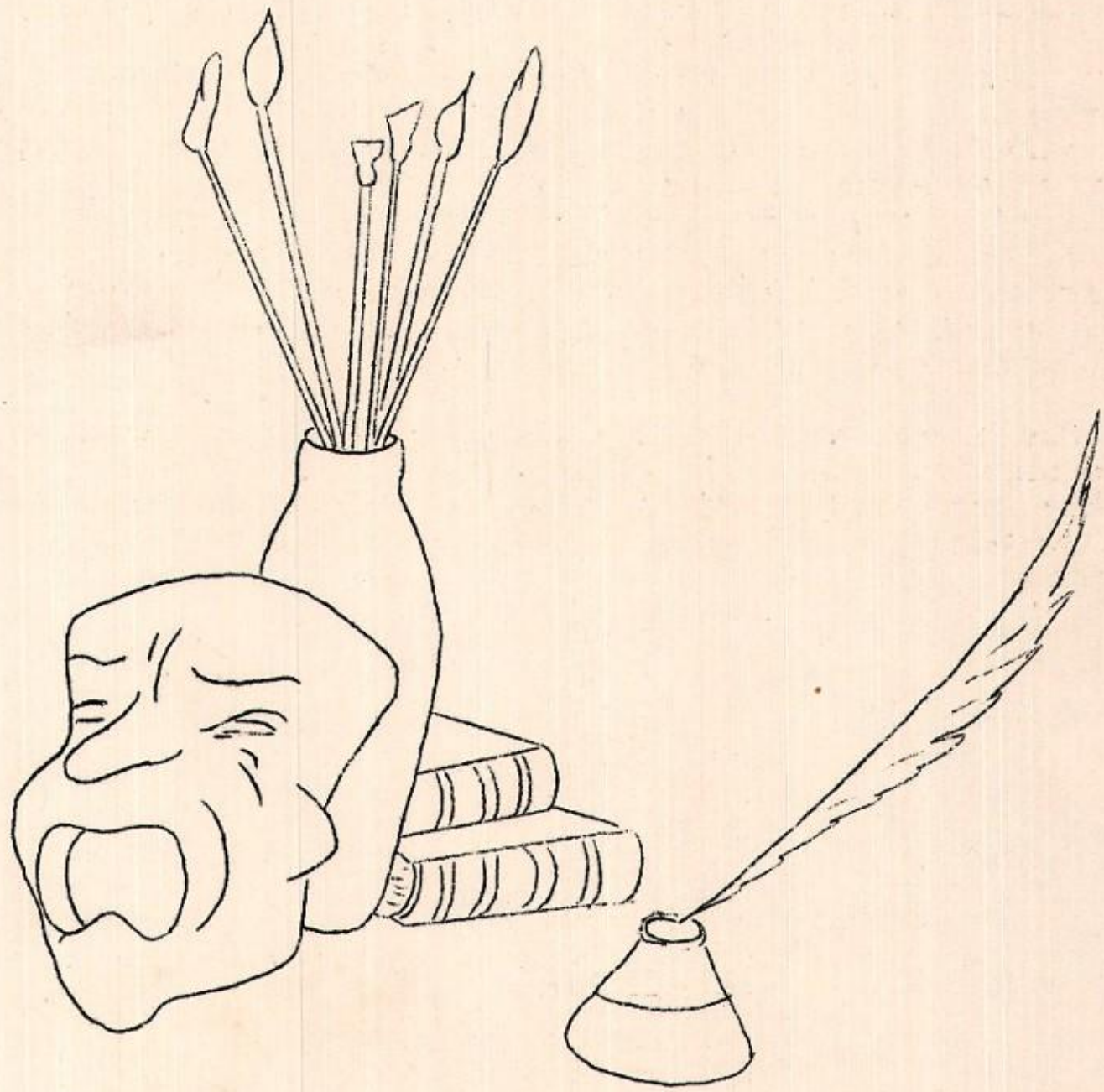
She never did because her dog got hold of it and tore it to shreds. This all happened ten years ago and now Ann and Ray are married and have two fine children. All because an unsuspecting mailman left a valentine at the wrong address.

Betsy Butler '57

I've got a brother named Dave,
Who tries to make me his slave.
I'll betcha my hat
That my baseball bat
Will make brother, Dave, behave!

Stephen Quimby '59

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

CONGRATULATIONS DAVE!

DEEP THOUGHT

EASY, BOY!

WHO WON?

INTERESTING?

PAY 'TENTION, HERBIE

THE SUNBEAM

School Calender

September 8	School opens with 17 new Freshmen.
September 30	A new kind of Freshmen Reception where they were welcomed instead of hazed as was the usual procedure. A square dance followed.
October 6 7	State Teachers Convention and two days off for the lucky students.
October 14	The first Senior Supper of the season was held at the Hollis Center Grange Hall.
October 17 18	The Senior Class Play "Grand-Dad Goes Wild". Fun was had by all, especially Billy who doesn't have a chance to dress as nicely as that every day.
November 1	Spelling Contest at Cornish. Elaine Goff, Margaret Nichols, Peter Brooks, and Susan Smith made our school well represented.
November 5	Sophomore food sale held at Deering's Hardware Store in Hollis Center.
November 17	Girl's Round Robin at the gym.
November 18	Boy's Round Robin at the gym.
November 18 19	Peter Brooks and Muriel Benson attended the State Student Council Meeting at Waterville.
November 23	The Seniors held a Square Dance with Everett Johnson as the caller.
January 13	The Freshmen had a very successful supper at Hollis Center even though it was Friday, the 13th.
February 4	League Championship at Standish.
February 9 10 11	League Tournament at Potter.

February 16 17 18	Group Number 2 Regional Tournament at Buxton.
March 9	The Sophomores sponsored a Square Dance at the gym.
March 30	The Seniors have a supper at Odd Fellows Hall in West Buxton
April 3	The Public Speaking Contest at the gym. The speakers were Virginia Huff, Verly Hill, David Quimby, William Walker, Arthur Hodgkins, Sandra Plummer, Jean Hoyt, and Suzanne Smith. David came in first.
April 6	The Student Council had a Record Hop with Arnie Kuvent, W.G.A.N. Disc Jockey.
April 12	David represented our school at the Public Speaking Contest at Bridgton.
May 3	The Student Council tried something new with a Fried Clam Supper at the Hollis Center Grange Hall.
May 8	York County Teachers Convention and a day off for the students.
May 11	The Juniors held a semi-formal Junior Prom at the gym. David Quimby and Marilyn Pelletier were elected king and queen by the school.
May 25	The Freshmen decided to try another Record Hop, this time with Bob Arnold W.C.S.H. Disc Jockey.
June 10	Baccelaureate Services at the West Buxton Baptist Church.
June 15	Graduation and Senior Reception and Dance.
June 16	Alumni Banquet.

THE SUNBEAM

Matching Movie Titles

The Country Girl	Virginia Huff
War Of The Worlds	Buxton vs. Hollis
Bring Your Smile Along	Marilyn Maddox
A Star Is Born	The Senior Play
We're No Angels	Frank B., Betsy R.
The Desperate Hours	Hours before exams
The High and The Mighty	The Juniors
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing	Barbara and Joe
Young At Heart	The Freshmen
Not As A Stranger	Charlie and June
Battle Cry	The Cheerleaders
Female On the Beach	Verly Hill
The Wild One	Frank Bickford
The Desperate Woman	Diane Drew
Run For Cover	Billy Nichols
Ain't Misbehavin	Judy Meserve
How To Be Very Very Popular	Tootsie Benson
The Last Command	Homework
Operation Man Hunt	Nancy Huwe
Prize of Gold	Rank Cards
One Desire	To graduate
Untamed	The Sophomores
Timberjack	Arthur Hodgkins
Blackboard Jungle	The study halls
The Racers	Cross-Country team
The Fast and The Furious	Loretta Trynor
The Atomic Kid	Mayo Berry
Captain Lightfoot	David Quimby
This Is Your Army	Hollis High School
The Voice of Silence	Marilyn Pelletier
Ten Wanted Men	Charlene Trynor
Creature With The Atom Brain	Peter Brooks
You're Never Too Young	Jackie Clark
Day To Remember	Graduation
Never A Dull Moment	Senior Class Meetings
Bright Victory	Girls team beat Buxton
Young Man With Ideas	Roger Emmons
Trial	Detention Room
Singing In The Rain	Betsy Butler

"The Senior Girls"

Marilyn Pelletier	Best Looking	David Quimby
Virginia Huff	Most Likable	Charles Hill
Muriel Benson	Best Athlete	David Quimby
June Smith	Best Build	Linwood Dyer
Diane Drew	Prettiest Eyes	Richard Bolton
Sandra Plummer	Best Dancer	David Quimby
Judy Meserve	Flirt	Charles Hill
Verly Hill	Best Dressed	David Quimby
Virginia Huff	Best Natured	Charles Hill
Betsy Romine	Day Dreamer	Roger Emmons
June Smith	Best Date	David Quimby
Virginia Huff	Prettiest Hair	Charles Townsend
Marilyn Maddox	Wittiest	Charles Hill
Virginia Huff	Nicest Smile	Richard Bolton
Rosalie Hanson	Most Inquisitive	Theodore Brown
Virginia Huff	Best Personality	Charles Hill
Marilyn Maddox	Best Actor	William Nichols
Muriel Benson	Most Popular	Charles Hill
Virginia Huff	Most Cooperative	Mayo Berry

HOLLYWOOD IN ACTION!

WOW!

LOSE SOMETHING, MRS. COREY?

RAT TRAP?

THE GANG.

ALL READY? YOU BET!

THE SUNBEAM

WASHINGTON TRIP

April 13, 8:15. Seven quite bright looking Seniors and Mrs. Corey left Portland, Maine for the beginning of a wonderful trip. Our companions for the next nine days were Potter Academy and Casco High, whom we found quite interesting company. We left with a whirl of excitement and about 5:30 we came face to face with the big city itself. We checked into the Shelton Hotel. We were put on the 30th floor which gave us a marvelous view of New York City. After getting our things straightened out, our first stop was at Rockerfeller Plaza. Our pictures were taken on the Observation Tower, then to Radio City Music Hall. We saw "Serenade" and then we witnessed a performance from the Rockettes--something everyone should see, we all think. We went to Longleys Automat for lunch and then we separated. A few of us went to St. Patrick's Cathedral and some went walking on Fifth avenue and then back to the hotel for a swim. Tonight was something I don't think any of us girls will forget. Just two words "Perry Como!" To top this we viewed New York City from the top of the Empire State Building. Maybe you have read of fairyland but you should see it as we did.

April 15, Sunday. Left for Washington, D.C. with our new bus driver, Vern. He sure was a lot of fun. We checked into the Harrington about 4 or 4:30. Verly and I, with quite an eye for Italian food, suggested we go to Carous for spaghetti. Most of us went and found it delicious! We just stayed around the hotel tonight, and met some seniors from Stratton, Me., Greenwich, Mass., and some from good old Mississippi!

April 16, Monday. Up and at 'um. First, Jefferson Memorial, and then at nine we were in Arlington National Cemetery for the changing of the guard. The weather was beautiful. We saw the Iwo Jima Marine Memorial before we left for Mt. Vernon, George Washington's home and burial place. As we left Smithsomian that afternoon, we saw the first raindrops. However, they didn't bother us and four of us went to the Mellen Art Gallery and Botanical Garden. What fun we had riding in Taxis! Monday night we boarded the bus and visited the "Memorials", Congressional Library, and Ford's Museum. What a day!

April 17, Tuesday. Another mad rush! We visited the Bureau of Printing and saw card-loads of money--hurried over to see our senator, Margaret Chase Smith, and then went through the capitol. After lunch off we went to the Washington Cathedral, Monastry and Zoo. Arthur left us and joined the boys who went to see the opening game in Washington. No one could ever be more thrilled to see President "Ike" toss out the first ball. All went to the movies and when we came home we had a surprise birthday party for Verly. Everyone had his share of cake and ice cream.

THE SUNBEAM

WASHINGTON TRIP CONTINUED

April 18, Wednesday. We must rise and shine to see the last views of Washington. Nancy, Ginny, Arthur and I had the best--we hurried by taxi and climbed all 898 steps to the top of the Washington Monument, (just like mountain climbing). We will never forget how worried Mrs. Corey was when she thought she had lost Arthur. Our last trip was our visit to the F.B.I. Building. What an expert group of men are in this department. At 11:30 we were loaded and off for Virginia through the Blue Ridge Mountains. At New Market we stayed at the new Don-Dee Motel. We were at the Caverns at about 5 p.m. and had our dinner. We toured the Caverns. It was chilly and scarey but on the whole just wonderful.

April 19, Thursday. Woke up at dawn, packed our suitcases, had breakfast, and left for Pennsylvania. Our dinner was at the Francis Scott Key Hotel, (sure missed the spaghetti and meatballs). We visited the battlefield at Gettsyburg in the afternoon and checked into the Yorktown Hotel at approximately 4:30. After we got band-aids to cover our aching blisters from our chaperone, we went shopping. Some went to the movies while others went bowling. Most of us hit the hay early (12 p.m.) for we were heading back to good old New York.

April 20, Friday. We drove for many miles through the Amish country and were fascinated by their customs. Next came Valley Forge, Philadelphia and New York. At the Piccadilly this time, and right off Times Square we sure were in the midst of everything. Some saw "A Dollar A Second" and others, Ringling Brother's Circus at Madison Square Garden.

April 21, Saturday. No rain yet but it sure was cold. We went by subway to the ferry and out to the Statue of Liberty. Again we all climbed to the top--Mrs. Corey said we would be sorry if we didn't. The afternoon was planned for each one--Arthur, Red Sox Game; some shopping, and Mrs. Corey, Nancy, Ginny, and I went to the Planitarium, Central Park and then to Macy's. What a store!

Hurried meals, rush to get on the bus, flash pictures, famous buildings and places, souvenirs, spaghetti, new friends, band-aids--in all a great many things to remember. This class trip is the last opportunity students really have to get together before they are scattered by graduation. Aside from the sociability, the well planned trip is educational. Most seniors are too busy to think of mischief. The custom should be continued, we think.

Marilyn Maddox '56

DON'T JUMP

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, VERLIE!

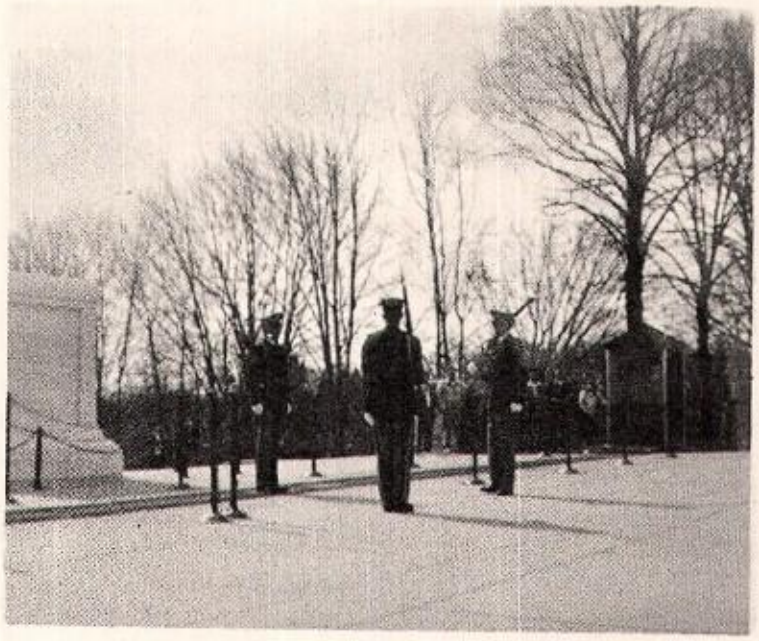
WHAT SIZE NANCY?

OUR SLEEPING BEAUTY

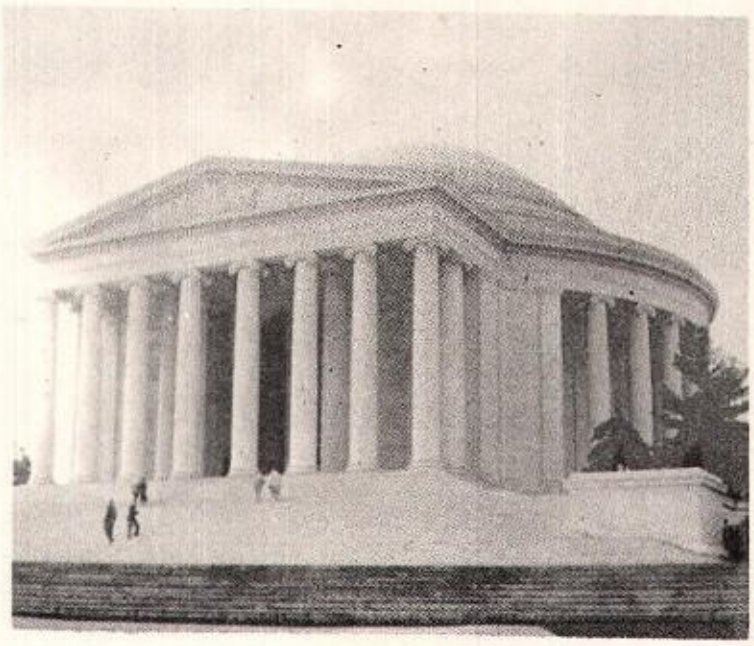
SMILE PRETTY GIRLS!

STATUE OF LIBERTY

OUR FIRST STOP IN WASHINGTON



CHANGING OF THE GUARDS AT ARLINGTON

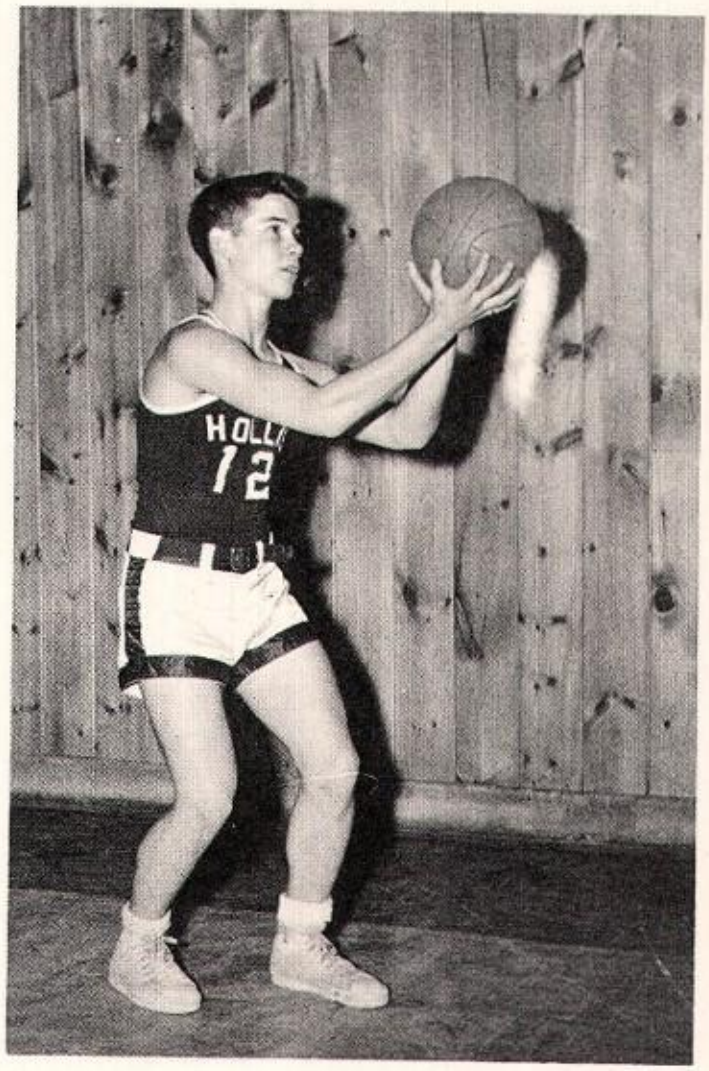


JEFFERSON MEMORIAL

VIEW FROM SHELTON HOTEL

SPORTS

BOYS'
BASKETBALL CAPTAIN

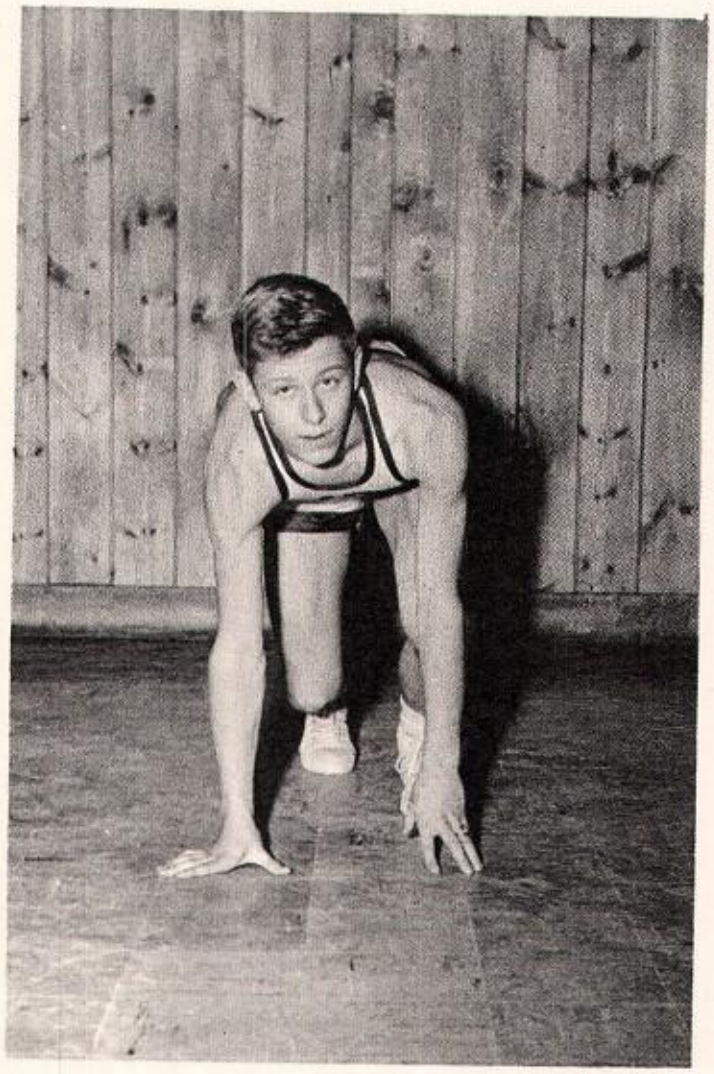


Charles Hill

GIRLS'
BASKETBALL CAPTAIN

Muriel Benson

CROSS-COUNTRY CAPTAIN



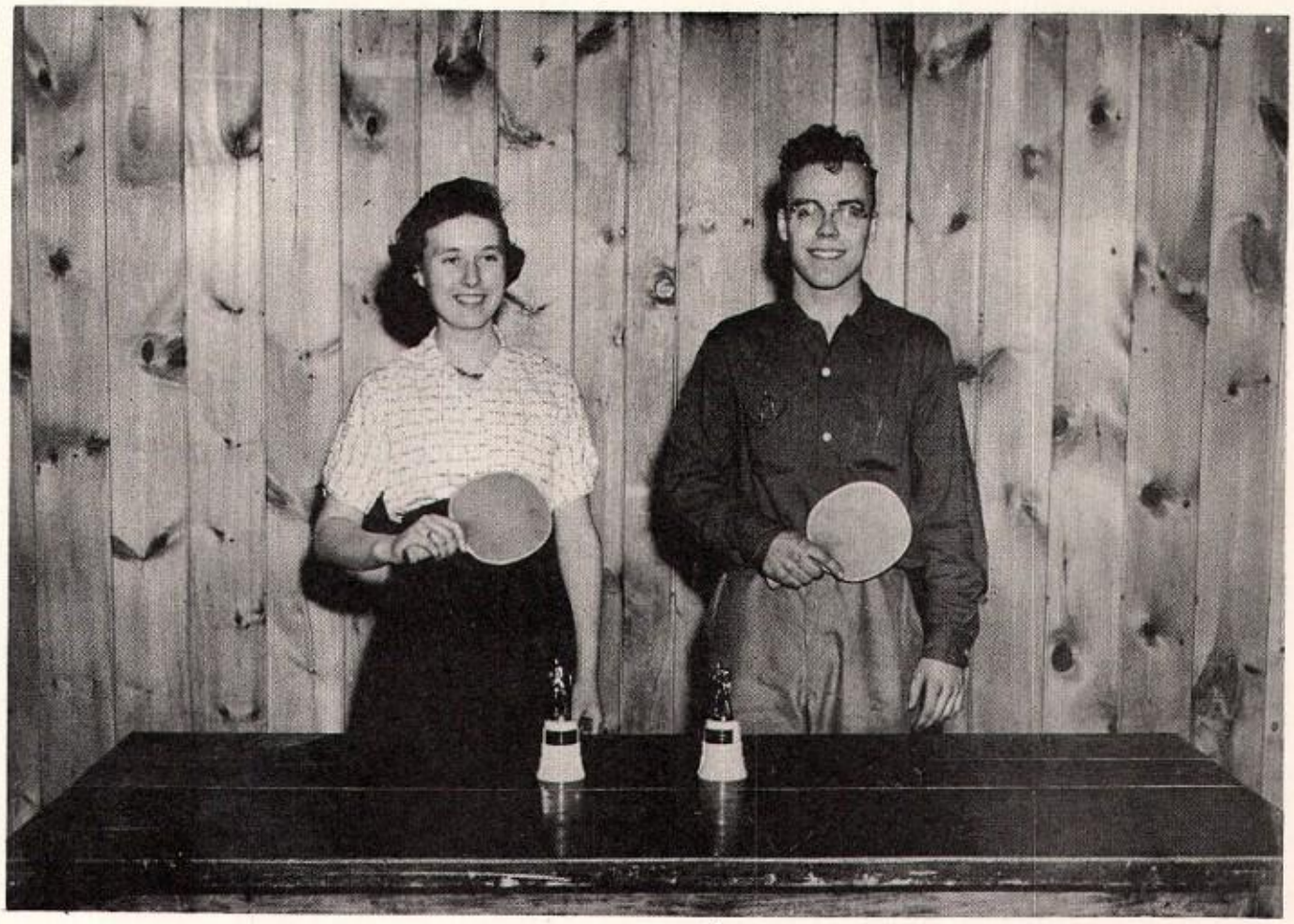
David Quimby

Girls' Basketball

Front Row: Loretta Trynor, Muriel Benson, Nancy Huwe, Coach Mrs. Hodsdon Betsy Butler, Verly Hill, Sheila Plummer.

Back Row: Charlene Trynor, Margaret Nichols, Jacqueline Clark, Janice Pelletier, Sandra Plummer, Shirley Haskell, Suzanne Smith, Betsy Butler, Manager Elaine Goff.

Ping-Pong



Ping pong Champions Janice Pelletier and William Nichols

GIRL'S BASKETBALL

On October 31, 14 girls turned out for basketball practice with Mrs. Hodsdon as our coach. We had five newcomers and nine veterans that played last year.

We feel that the girls had a very successful year, with five league wins and three losses.

The top scorers were "Toots" Benson with 363 points and Nancy Huwe with 161 points. The other forwards were Loretta T., Shirley H., Jackie C., Sandra P., and Suzanne S. Playing as guards were Sheila P., Betsy B., Verly H., Charlene T., Janice P., Margaret N. and Betsy R. with Elaine Goff as our manager.

When we played Limington on Friday, January 27, "Toots" Benson Played a remarkable game, scoring 52 points for our team. "Toots" was elected captain for the 1955-1956 season. She was also chosen as a member of the All Stars team.

Hollis	36	Casco	48
Hollis	42	Casco	51
Hollis	49	Buxton	48
Hollis	32	Buxton	47
Hollis	19	Potter	24
Hollis	41	Potter	36
Hollis	44	Limington	42
Hollis	66	Limington	68
Hollis	41	Limerick	32
Hollis	40	Limerick	33
Hollis	55	Cornish	58
Hollis	48	Cornish	46
Hollis	33	Porter	42
Hollis	35	Alumnae	30

THE SUNBEAM

BASEBALL

In the 1955 spring season, the Hollis High School baseball team won five games and lost four.

Hollis	9	Cornish	4
Hollis	17	New Glouster	7
Hollis	8	Buxton	2
Hollis	5	Limerick	4
Hollis	5	Oxford	9
Hollis	3	Potter	4
Hollis	13	Limington	8
Hollis	3	Bridgton J.V.'s	5
Hollis	2	Casco	4

Players	AB.	H.	AV.
William Ramsdell	29	11	.372
Arthur Hodgkins	22	8	.365
Paul MacDonald	31	11	.358
William Nichols	23	8	.348
Frederick Mawhinney	27	8	.296
Lewis Thompson	30	8	.266
Donald Day	24	5	.208
David Quimby	22	3	.136
Charles Hill	28	3	.107
Paul Hanson	7	0	.000

Team Batting Average .270

Baseball

Front Row: David Quimby, Frederick Mawhinney, Paul MacDonald, William Nichols, Lewis Thompson.

Back Row: Coach Mr. Woodbrey, Charles Hill, Roger Emmons, Paul Hanson, Donald Day, William Ramsdell, Theodore Brown, Manager Carlton Benton.

Boys' Basketball

Front Row: Coach Mr. Woodbrey, Charles Hill, Richard Bolton, Theodore Brown, David Quimby, Linwood Dyer, Manager Roger Emmons.

Back Row: Edward Pierce, Robert Hanson, William Walker, Mayo Berry, Stephen Quimby, Owen Grant. Absent: Frank Bickford.

THE SUNBEAM

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Cross-Country team of Hollis High had a very good year. They placed second in the C.Y.C.L. meet at Casco.

David Quimby was selected to compete in the New England Cross-Country meet at Connecticut. He ran in the state meet at Orono. The distance was 2 7/10 miles. Competing with 350 boys, he finished in 13.07 seconds and came in seventh.

The boys who went out for Cross-Country were David Quimby, Stephen Quimby, Richard Boulton, Linwood Dyer, Edward Pierce, and Roger Emmons.

Cross-Country Meets

At Buxton	Hollis	1st place
	Buxton	2nd place
At Buxton	Gorham	1st place
	Buxton	2nd place
	Hollis	3rd place
At Hollis	Buxton	1st place
	Hollis	2nd place
At Potter	Potter	1st place
	Hollis	2nd place
	Limington	3rd place
At Hollis	Potter	1st place
	Hollis	2nd place
	Cornish	3rd place
	Limington	4th place

C.Y.C.L. Meet at Casco

Casco	25	1st place
Hollis	61	2nd place
Potter Academy	69	3rd place

BOYS' BASKETBALL

In C.Y.C.L. competition our basketball team was last. Charles Hill was our only veteran, and this year the boys have been learning the fundamentals of the game and getting experience. They hope to give all teams real competition next season.

Members of the team were Charles Hill, David Quimby, Richard Bolton, Linwood Dyer, Theodore Brown, Owen Grant, Mayo Berry, Stephen Quimby, Edward Pierce, Robert Hanson, William Walker, and Frank Bickford.

Charles Hill was elected captain of this year's team, and was also chosen to represent Hollis on the Cumberland-York Small School Conference All Stars team.

We played one alumni game. The score was:

Hollis 17 Alumni 52

TOURNAMENT GAMES
C.Y.C.L.

Hollis 25 Limington 60

STATE REGIONAL TOURNAMENT

Hollis 22 Limington 61

Charles Hill	65	52	182
David Quimby	35	36	106
Linwood Dyer	25	13	63
Richard Bolton	8	6	22
Theodore Brown	6	10	22
Owen Grant	8	5	21
Robert Hanson	2	1	5
Stephen Quimby	2	0	4
Edward Pierce	0	2	2
William Walker	0	0	0
Frank Bickford	0	0	0
Mayo Berry	0	0	0

Cheerleaders

Sitting: June Smith, Captain Diane Drew, Jacqueline Yorke.
Standing: Janice Pelletier, Shirley Haskell.

Cross-Country

Coach Mr. Woodbrey, David Quimby, Richard Bolton, Edward Pierce, Stephen Quimby, Linwood Dyer, Roger Emmons.

Charles Hill

Two small boys came into the dentist's office. One said, "I want a tooth pulled and I don't want gas because I'm in a hurry."

"That's a brave boy," said the dentist. "Which tooth is it?"

The boy pointed to his companion. "Show him your tooth, Albert," he said.

Jacqueline Clark

As two men named Joe and Moe walked by an old building, they saw a cornerstone which had the letters MCMIX set in it.

Joe: "I bet I can tell you when this building was made."
Moe: "That's nothing! I can tell who made it."
Joe: "Yeah? Who?"
Moe: "A man named McMix, so there."

Linwood Dyer

Two soldiers in an English pub were overheard comparing notes and their relatives.

Englishman: "King John struck my ancestor on the shoulder with a sword and made him a knight."

Yankee: "So what, Chief Sitting Bull hit my Grampa on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

Loretta Trynor

Man: "Fishing, youngster?"
Boy: "No, just drowning worms."

Barbara Haskell

Two hawks were flying along slowly. Suddenly a jet plane roared by throwing out a trail of flaming gas.

"That bird is certainly in a hurry," said the first hawk.

"You'd hurry too," said the other, "if your tail were on fire."

Robert Hanson

Little girl at zoo: "Daddy, if that lion gets out of his cage and eats you up, what bus should I take home?"

THE SUNBEAM

Janice Pelletier

"Why did the moron creep by the medicine cabinet."
"Because he was afraid he'd wake up the sleeping pills."

Jackie Yorke

Biology teacher: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"
Student: "Just before examinations."

Bill Nichols

"Did you hear about the man who fell through the screen door?"
"No, what happened."
"He strained himself."

Charles Hill

1st Moron in an insane asylum: "I know how we can escape from this place."
2nd Moron: "How?"
1st Moron: "I'll shine a flashlight out this window and onto the roof of the next building, and you can walk across on the beam."
2nd Moron: "Do you think I'm crazy? You'd turn off the light when I got halfway across.

Richard Bolton

There were two traveling salesmen who stopped at a farm house and wanted a meal. The farmer showed the two a pile of wood, and said that if they split it they could have a meal. So they went to work. A little while later the farmer looked out of the window and one of them was jumping in the air, doing somersaults and looked like a real circus performer.

The farmer went outside and said to the other, "I didn't know your friend was an acrobat."

The other said, "I didn't either until I hit him in the shins with the axe.

Mary Maddox

"Do you file your fingernails?"
"No, I throw them away."

Lorraine Jenness

A tourist stopped a grizzled old prospector and inquired how far it was to a certain town.

"Wal," calculated the prospector, "it's about 24,992,601 miles the direction you're heading, but only 27 if you turn around."

Diane Drew

No. 1: "What gives more milk than one cow?"
No. 2: "Two cows."
No. 1: "Wrong. A milk truck."

THE SUNBEAM

Peter Brooks

Kenneth stood on a weighing machine,
In the light of the lingering day.
A counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot,
And silently stole a weigh.

Tootsie Benson

Friend: "I had a fall last night that left me unconscious for six hours."

Neighbor: "Good gosh, where did you fall?"

Friend: "I fell asleep."

Edward Pierce

When a destroyer escort cut too close behind the flagship, an unlucky roll brought his seaboats' davits in contact with the carrier's stern. The Flag Officer promptly signaled to the destroyer: IF YOU TOUCH ME THERE AGAIN I SHALL SCREAM.

Loretta Trynor

A mother hen was scolding one of her chickens and said, "Why, if your father could see you now, he'd turn over in his gravy."

Margaret Nichols

An employment manager, checking the references of a job applicant, asked one of the applicants ex-employers, "Was he a steady worker?"

"Steady?" came the indignant reply. "He was motionless."

Owen Grant

No. 1: "How did you break your arm?"

No. 2: "Do you see those steps?"

No. 1: "Yes."

No. 2: "Well, I didn't!"

Shirley Haskell

"You don't want to plant those seeds. It says on the package it will take them two years to bloom."

"That's all right. I took them out of last year's catalog."

Jean Hoyt

"Where are elephants found?"

"Elephants are such big animals they hardly ever get lost."

Jacqueline Clark

A certain restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear a young teen-ager criticize a pie one day. "Pie, young fella? Why, I made pies before you were born."

"O.K., but why sell them now?"

EXCHANGES

Old Town..... "The Sachem"
Old Town High School
You have a marvelous yearbook. Need we say more?

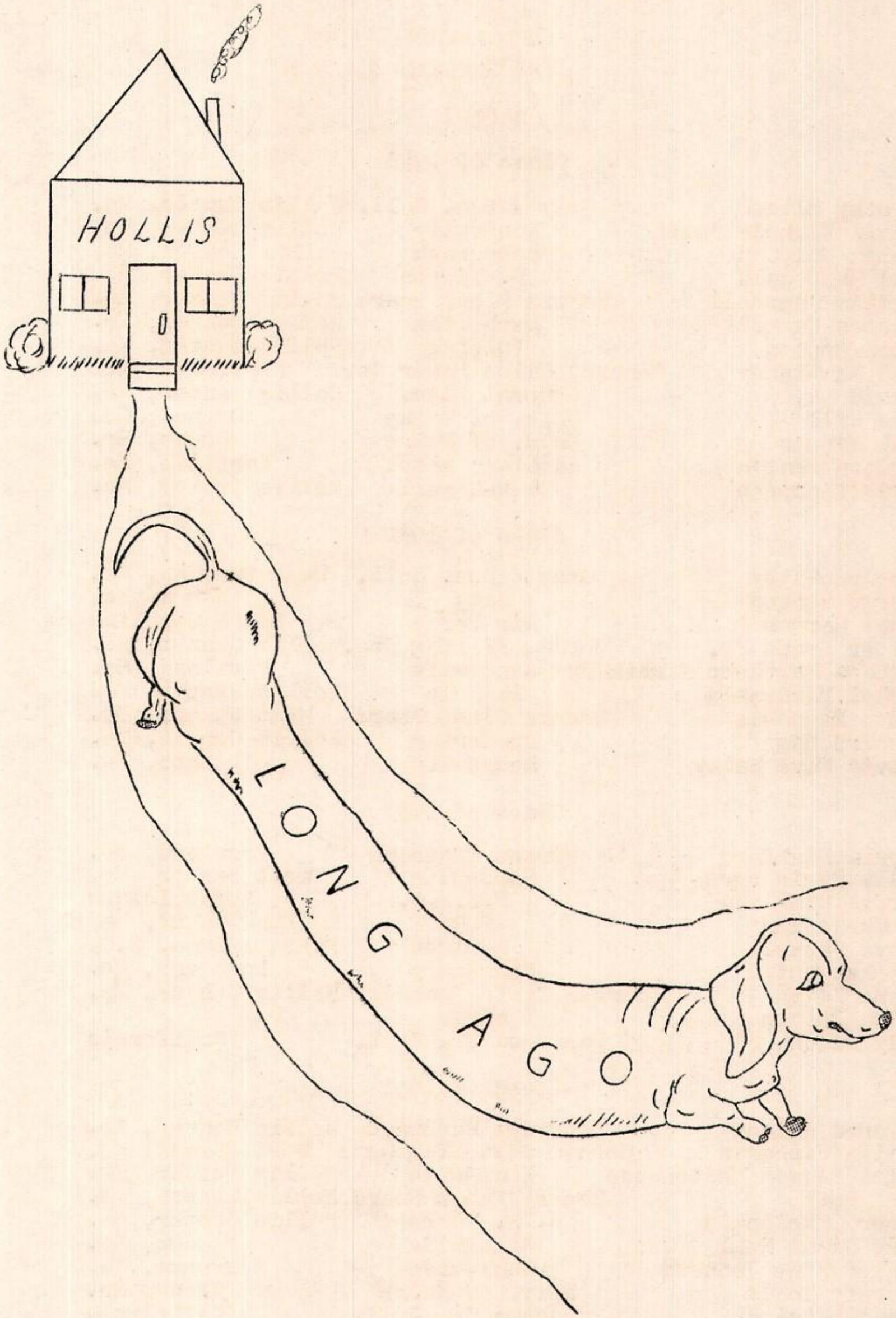
Sebago..... "The Wreath"
Potter Academy
Another good issue. Your advertising section was exceptionally good.

Kezar Falls... "The Outlook"
Porter High School
You have a fine yearbook. Your cover was very original.

Standish..... "Crimson Rambler"
Standish High School
Your art work was very clever. An excellent yearbook!

Casco..... "Casco Loggers"
Casco High School
You have a well planned book. It was clear and easy to read.

Buxton..... "Cresent"
Samuel D. Hanson High School
We enjoyed your yearbook as usual.


HOLLIS
LONG AGO

THE SUNBEAM

ALUMNI

Class of 1955

Dorothy Miles	Gray's Bus. Coll.	Hollis Center, Me.
Sylvia Nichols Smith	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Evelyn Whitten	Housework	Hollis Center, Me.
Paul MacDonald	S. D. Warren	Hollis Center, Me.
William Ramsdell	Rogers Fiber Board	Hollis Center, Me.
Clinton Haskell	Lumbering	Hollis Center, Me.
Cecil Benson	Pulping	Hollis Center, Me.
Fred Mawhinney	Central Maine Power Co.	Portland, Me.
Donald Day	General Elec.	Hollis Center, Me.
Fred Hill	Univ. of Maine	Orono , Me.
Paul Hanson	Univ. of Maine	Orono, Me.
Carlton Benton	Eastland Hotel	Portland, Me.
Lewis Thompson	Saco-Lowell	Hollis Center, Me.

Class of 1954

Carolyn Haley	Gray's Bus. Coll.	West Buxton , Me.
George Hanson	Navy	New Jersey
James Harmon	Air Force	South Carolina
Walter Grant Jr.	Gorham Filling Sta.	Hollis Center, Me.
Barbara Matthews Mawhinney	Housewife	Portland, Me.
Rachel MacDonald	At Home	Hollis Center, Me.
Alden Ramsdell	Rogers Fiber Board	West Buxton, Me.
Richard Ham	Lumbering	Hollis Center, Me.
Sylvia Faye Haley	Housewife	Saco, Me.

Class of 1953

Gloria Bickford	Nurses Training	Portland, Me.
Polly Davis Foye	Housewife	West Buxton, Me.
Muriel Hamilton	P.B.B.C.	Rhode Island
Frank Hanson	Town	Hollis Center, Me.
Lloyd Haskell	Marines	Paris Island, S.C.
Shirley Huff	Secretary	Portland, Me.
Leona Smith	Gorham State Teachers	Hollis Center, Me.
Ellen Pelton	Waves	
Judy Smith	Pasadena Jr. Coll.	California

Class of 1952

Mildred Hanson	Deerings Hardware	Hollis Center, Me.
Sheila Flanagan	Gorham State Teachers	West Buxton, Me.
Alice Benson Whitehouse	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Carl Huff	Rogers Fiber Board	Hollis Center, Me.
Albert MacDonald	S. D. Warren	Hollis Center, Me.
Mary Grant Neal	Housewife	Saco, Me.
Genice Rowe Johnson	Housewife	Scarboro, Me.
Everett Towle	Univ. of Maine	Orono, Me.
Kenneth Smith	Pasadena Jr. Coll.	California

THE SUNBEAM

Class of 1951

Harry DeShon	Army	Fort Dix, N. J.
Gene Thompson	Saco-Lowell	Hollis Center, Me.
Dolores Hill Minervino	Housewife	Portland, Me.
Joseph Virgie	Bradbury Box Shop	Hollis Center, Me.
Donald Smith	Navy	Maryland
Sonya Randolph Richards	Housewife	Mt. Pleasant, Mich.
Norma Usher Young	Housewife	Gorham, Me.
Nada Libby Henry	Housewife	West Buxton, Me.
Lois Goff Berry	Housewife	Buxton, Me.

Class of 1950

Donald Dodge	Saco-Lowell	Hollis Center, Me.
Dorine Dodge	Teacher	Hollis Center, Me.
Keith Goff	Farmer	Hollis Center, Me.
Joan Haskell Thompson	Saco-Lowell	Hollis Center, Me.
Myrle Smith Goff	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Carolyn Thompson Carter	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Kay Hill Genovese	Guy Gannett Pub. Co.	Portland, Me.
Melville Bradbury	Sebago Moc	Hollis Center, Me.
Ronald Ferguson	Deceased	
Marjorie Haley	Suffolk Univ.	Boston, Mass.
Anne Mouton Tibbetts	Housewife	Bonny Eagle, Me.
Irvin Pendleton	Home	Hollis Center, Me.
Pearl Pendleton Burbank	Housewife	Kezar Falls, Me.
Bruce Young	S. D. Warren	Gorham, Me.
Robert Southwick	Firestone Rubber Co.	Connecticut
Avis Libby Goodwin	General Elec.	Hollis Center, Me.

Class of 1949

Albert Goodwin Jr.	S. D. Warren	Hollis Center, Me.
Lucille Hamilton Young	Housewife	Washington, D.C.
Frances Huff	Grant's	Portland, Me.
Virginia Illingworth McKenny	Housewife	Bar Mills, Me.
Harold Johnson Jr.	S. D. Warren	Hollis Center, Me.
Frances Robinson	R.N.	Portland, Me.
Helen Smith Smith	Housewife	Massachusetts
Roger Smith	Air Force	Massachusetts
Shirley Smith Datson	Housewife	Hartford, Conn.
Doris Whitten Drew	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Joan Virgie Osborn	Housewife	West Buxton, Me.
Etta Dennison Morton	Housewife	Limington, Me.
Howard Huff	Narrow Transport	Westbrook, Me.
Isabelle Pinkham Gillis	Douglas Air Craft	California
Constance Smith Southwick	Housewife	Buxton, Me.

THE SUNBEAM

Class of 1948

Marion Benson Roberts	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Barbara Day Foley	First Nat. Warehouse	Westbrook, Me.
Verna Benson Dow	Pepperell Mills	Biddeford, Me.
Elliot Towle	Bryant College	Rhode Island
Ansel Smith	Lumbering	Portland, Me.
Darthea Whitten Drew	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Duane Libby	Caterpillar Tractor	Peoria, Ill.
Sandra McLeod Thompson	Housewife	Nova Scotia

Class of 1947

Donald Drew	Town Grader	Hollis Center, Me.
Dwight Southwick	Univ. Of Maine	Orono, Me.
Anita Hill Cornish	Doctor's Assistant	West Buxton, Me.
Edwin Smith	Gorham Teachers Col.	Hollis Center, Me.
Ruth Goodwin Flewelling	Housewife	Grouseville, Me.
Rita Burnham Anderson	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Stanley Townsend	State Highway Dept.	West Buxton, Me.
Myra Crockett Whitten	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.
Chauncey Gerry	Marines Hospital	New York
Harlan Goff	Navy	Rhode Island
Barbara Lunberg Barrington	Housewife	New York
Fred Smith	Saco-Lowell	Hollis Center, Me.
Elsie Stearnes Smith	Housewife	Hollis Center, Me.

Class of 1946

Carolyn Usher Goff	Housewife	Rhode Island
Merton Grant	Bryant's College	Rhode Island
Kenneth Day	Central Me. Power	Portland, Me.
Harvey Smith	Ballard Oil Co.	Hollis Center, Me.
John McKenney	Saco-Lowell	Bar Mills, Me.
Donald Havu	Emery Waterhouse	Hollis Center, Me.
Bernard Littlefield	General Elec..	Hollis Center, Me.
Olive Pierce Whitehouse	Butler's Co.	Kansas City, Mo.
Herbert Crosby	Salesman	Portland, Me.
Keith Whitehouse	Ordinance Work	Kansas City, Mo.

Memories

The Sunbeam feels that this picture of the Class of 1935 will prove very interesting to the Alumni of Hollis High.

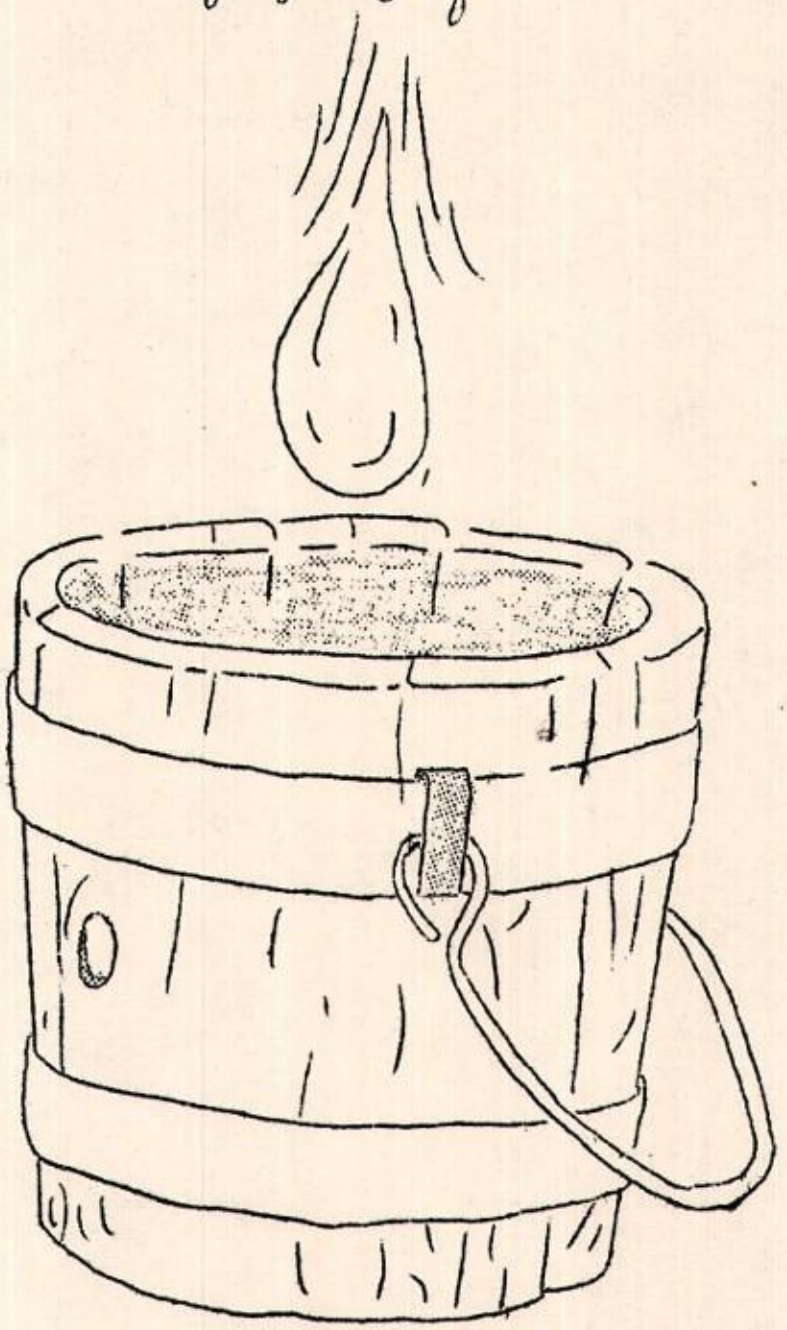
We hope that in the future each edition of The Sunbeam will contain a reprint of the student body of twenty years ago.

As we were unable to locate a group picture of the 'Class of 36' we have used the year before. If any Alumni have group pictures of '36' and '37' we would appreciate them for the 1957 edition of The Sunbeam.

Our thanks to the Advertisers

for adding

Their DROP in the Bucket



JACKSON-WHITE

STUDIOS

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHERS

1956

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Gorham Maine

Compliments of

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217 BRIGHTON AVE.

Portland Maine

DR. NORMAN E. HILL

OPTOMETRIST

142 HIGH STREET

Portland Maine

KEMBALL MUSIC COMPANY

PIANOS

MUSIC AND ACCESSORIES

14 FOREST AVE.

Portland Maine

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POPCORN

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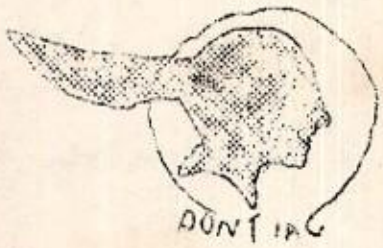

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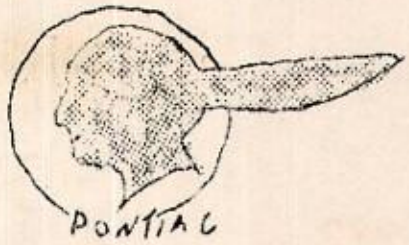

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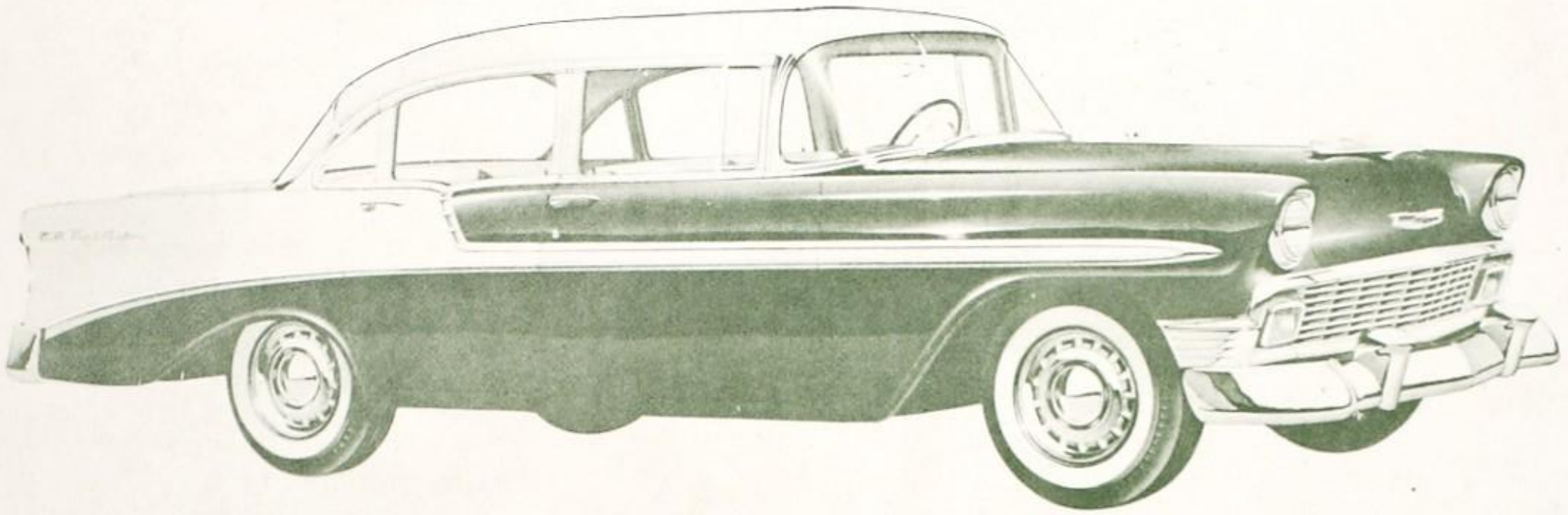

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